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Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Fabulous Heritage OF THE NEW TIN KING

By John Hewlett

THE body of the worst bill collector in the world whose "failure" marked the beginning of one of the greatest fortunes in all history, rests today in a million-dollar blue marble tomb high in the Andes.

Simon Iturri Patino, one of the world's mysterious figures, a fabulous Buddha-faced half-Indian, an exile in Argentina, passed away at 87, king of an uneasy empire created out of "bad luck," tin and sheer magic.

His crown, a tin one worth $500,000,000 plus—and all the troubles which go with it—revolutions, international intrigue, marital scandals and countless legal actions—rests upon the head of the 48-year-old son, Don Antenor.

A fancier of blond models, brunette Spanish royalty, fast horses, fast cars, fast yachts, and fast living, Don Antenor will take up where his lowly born father left off.

When Don Antenor Married Princess Christina, Niece of King Alfonso of Spain, Don Simon Displayed the Million Dollar Check He Was Giving His Son and Did Not Neglect to Mention the 12 Limousines That Went With It.

For the remainder of his life, the dashing new king and heir of an illiterate Bolivian Indian cobbler's son, who made the "mistake" of accepting a "worthless" tin mine for a $250 debt, will grasp the most complete hold on daily human needs of any other individual human being in the world.

Don Antenor will have no worries about money or the cost of his expensive estates. As tin king of the globe, with mines and smelters stretching from Bolivia to Malaya, even the firing of a gun will add to his fortune.

Every housewife who opens a can of soup or snaps an electric light switch will make him richer.

The tolling of every church bell will increase his profits. He will gain by life and death alike.

All who increase the multitudinous use of his metal in simple homely or complex acts like wars and revolutions will assure the constant growth of his fortune.

Don Antenor, who married the beautiful Princess Christina, niece of King Alfonso of Spain, only to discover later that he preferred honey-haired models like Francesca Simms, already has nicked his rich tin pile by more than a million dollars, to appease his deserted wife.

This money, however, did not come easy.

Antenor reputedly had to do a lot of talking to get the heart balm.

Similarly, the elder Patino himself resisted efforts of numerous women to separate him from his money.

Some years before his death he fought the action of a young French "godchild," beauteous Suzanne Auclert Roth, who called him "uncle" and asked for $506,000 on the ground of a broken promise. A New York judge threw the case out of court.

Since the plaintiff was married at the time to another man, her alleged agreement to devote time she owed her husband, by rights, to the aging tin tycoon was deemed against public policy.

Later, his wife's sickly maid, who sued him for allegedly jumping on her stomach as she writhed in a room on his private floor of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, fared no better.

Patino battled this $100,000 damage suit of Mrs. Aimee Appiato Musich until he wore her out and she never received a cent.

Patino could never forget that once he had been penniless. Many years ago he worked as a clerk in a store of his native Cochabamba, Bolivia.

He extended too much credit to an Indian prospector and was ordered to go into the formidable mountains and collect the bill.

After scaling many peaks astride a little mule, Patino found the miner. He was penniless and unable to pay the $250 debt. Patino accepted his claim to a tin vein in lieu of cash.

When he returned to the store the proprietor took one look at the "worthless" paper, appropriated the wages due Patino and kicked him out with his deed.

Pluckily, and with incredible luck, Patino and his wife for several years personally worked the claim with their own hands, crude tools and wheelbarrows. They had happened upon a veritable mountain of tin.

As new uses for tin were found, Patino began to prosper. Since tin is an important element in bearings, the rapidly expanding automobile industry brought a tremendous increase in the demand for tin.

Through his world-wide operations in tin and income from mysterious sources around the globe, he was able to finance the bloody Chaco war between his country and Paraguay. He wrote a single check to the Bolivian government for $194,000,000.

He left Bolivia in a huff 23 years ago, abandoning his startling castle and a marble mausoleum. The aristocrats of his country would not accept a half-Indian socially, no matter how many palaces he had.

He proved himself one of the world's greatest businessmen and got some revenge by marrying his two sultry daughters to Europeans of royal blood and a third to a Bolivian aristocrat.

To each for a wedding present Patino presented a check for $1,000,000.

He topped off these social triumphs in Madrid by attending the wedding of Antenor to Princess Christina, the greatest victory of all. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain, who had sponsored the marriage of his daughter Elena to a Spanish Marquis, stood by his side while the Bourbon Princess became the "Princess of Tin."

The elder Patino, whose fortune has been estimated as high as $4,000,000,000, appointed himself successively Bolivian Minister to France and Spain, where he consorted with Franco and became an intimate of Mussolini.

Later he wangled for his son the post of Bolivia's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain. While clinging to this title which exempts him from many taxes, Don Antenor has spent most of his time in New York, where he has been groomed in Wall Street for his new job, while not yachting in season.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 women can have lovelier skin in 14 DAYS!

I'VE GOT MY TICKET ALL BOUGHT FOR THAT CARIBBEAN CRUISE, PEG—BUT MY DULL, OILY COMPLEXION IS BOUND TO SPOIL MY FUN!
CHEER UP, RITA—THERE'S STILL TIME TO TRY THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN!
YOU KNOW, 36 DOCTORS... LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS... PROVED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN REALLY WORKS! THEY TESTED THE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3...IN JUST 14 DAYS!
RITA TRIES THE PLAN!
THE PLAN'S AS SIMPLE AS IT CAN BE—THREE STEPS, THAT'S ALL—JUST A-B-C!
A. WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B. THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C. DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!
14 DAYS LATER—
IF A DINGY COMPLEXION IS MAKING YOU BLUE—SEE WHAT THE PALMOLIVE PLAN CAN DO!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

- Less Oily.....
- Smoother, Younger looking.....
- Less Coarse-looking.....
- Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
- Less Incipient Blackheads.....
- Freshet.....
- Brighter, Clearer Color.....

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

P.S. For Tub *For Shower* *Get the NEW Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!*

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

NEW COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET SUDS, BEATS SOAP AT SAVING WORK!
Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

● Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Just rinse—dishes, glassware dry sparkling clear without time-wasting wiping. This Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds cuts grease faster, more completely than soap . . . Leaves no dishpan ring. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

MILDER TO HANDS!

Vel is not a soap but an entirely new and different suds that is completely neutral . . . milder than soap. Your hands will love Vel's mildness.

Stockings stay lovelier, sheerer-looking!

Stockings look sheerer, fresher colored, lovelier longer . . . washed with Vel! Vel leaves no soap scum to thicken stocking threads. Does away with soap-fading . . . It's easier than soap on delicate washable colors.

SECRET OF MRS. PENFIELD'S *Dwindling Millions*

Illustrated by MAXINE LESTER

Because Her Sister-in-Law Fainted When She Was Shown a Mysterious Note in Court, Mrs. Penfield Became Master of a $60,000,000 Estate.

By Warren Hall

TWO sisters-in-law faced each other in a Philadelphia courtroom in a fight over a $60,000,000 estate.

As the trial opened, counsel for one of them handed a yellow slip of paper to the judge. He read what was on it, frowned, and summoned the attorneys for the other side.

They conferred excitedly, then showed the paper to their client. She fell to the floor in a faint.

The hearing was postponed and the suit never came to trial again. Through this dramatic incident, still mysterious in its implications after 40 years, Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker Penfield came into full control of the fortune which once caused her to be called the richest woman in the world.

Charities reduced it heavily, a couple of expensive husbands received shares and part of it was used to help various promoters, such as Earl Carroll of "Vanities" fame.

When Mrs. Penfield died in 1932, a childless octogenarian, she left a trust fund for 16 grandnieces and grandnephews, and just the other day a Philadelphia judge approved the final distribution of their shares.

The founder of the fortune, William Weightman, arrived in Philadelphia from England in 1829, when he was 16. In seven years he had become a partner in his uncle's chemical firm. Before the Civil War started he perfected a revolutionary method of extracting quinine from cinchona bark. Huge government purchases of quinine during the war made him a millionaire.

Weightman invested his millions in Philadelphia real estate which, as the city expanded, mushroomed in value. He insisted, however, on living in a modest home in an unfashionable section, much to the disgust of his three children—William Jr., John and Annie (who later changed her name to Anne).

William Jr. married Sabine d'Invilliers, whose socially ambitious family opposed the match. He had six daughters. John's wife bore him two sons. Anne became the wife of Robert Walker, an obscure attorney who later became a congressman. Their daughter died in infancy, but their son became his grandfather's pride and joy. When he was 21, old William gave him $4,000,000 and told him to tour the world before settling down to a career. He died abroad.

After that, Grandfather Weightman seemed to spend most of his time with the family of Sabine, whose husband also had died. Everyone thought her daughters would be his heirs, but when he died in 1904, his will left everything to Anne.

The sisters-in-law had never liked each other. Each suspected the other of wielding undue influence on the disposition of the fortune. Not long after the will was filed, Sabine sued on the ground that a missing codicil left a million dollars to each of her children.

The paper which was produced in court was no codicil. According to most reports, it was a note found in William Sr.'s desk explaining why he had cut Sabine off without a legacy. Sabine's reaction, when she read it in the courtroom, indicated that the reason must have been pungent. The contents were never disclosed.

Years later Sabine said that her father-in-law had pleaded with her to marry him. Many old-timers agreed that he had never seemed the same after she married Jones Wister, a member of one of Philadelphia's oldest families, not many years after the death of her husband.

The publicity of the suit and the refusal of Philadelphia society to accept her impelled Anne to move to New York. Her husband had died in 1903, a year before her father.

Her vast wealth didn't get her much further with the Gotham bluebloods than it had in Philadelphia, but she began to achieve her long-sought place in the social whirl after she married Frederic Courtland Penfield in 1908. He was an author and a professional diplomat, and the Weightman fortune did nothing to harm his career.

In 1913 President Wilson appointed him Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, and the one-time Annie Weightman, born on the wrong side of the tracks, began to hobnob with royalty. Honors were showered on her for her war relief work and other charities. Emperor Francis Joseph gave her the Cross of Elizabeth, the French made her a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and she became a Papal Marchioness.

After the death of her second husband, it was reported that she planned to marry Albert Morris Bagby, founder of the "Bagby Morning Musicales" at the Waldorf-Astoria. She didn't, but she became interested in the work of his nephew, George, a composer.

Convinced that George's work should be produced in a Broadway show, she consulted Evelyn Hubbell, a New York dancing teacher from whom she had started taking lessons when she was near her 80th birthday. Mrs. Hubbell suggested that Earl Carroll might be interested and he was.

The musical show he produced was called "Fioretta" and cost Mrs. Penfield $250,000. It was such a flop that Romilly Johnson, who was associated with Bagby in writing the musical score, committed suicide. Bagby was upset, too, but his feelings were considerably assuaged when, in the old lady's will, he was bequeathed $600,000 and his uncle $200,000.

Other critics had other ideas, and weren't the least bit hesitant in expressing them, but Mrs. Penfield went on record flatly as thinking the show was a failure because the star, Dorothy Knapp, could neither act, dance nor sing.

It was the sort of a remark that might have been expected from someone who was crowded out of the part, but it could hardly be viewed as typical feminine cattiness since Mrs. P. was a trifle too old to cavort about a stage, despite her dancing lessons.

Dorothy, who was billed as "the most beautiful girl in the world" and was admittedly Carroll's favorite protegee, was fired from the show three weeks before it folded. She sued Mrs. Penfield for $500,000, claiming that the criticism and the heaveho were both unjustified, but a judge failed to agree with her.

That decision helped some, but there had been so many adverse judgments, so many gifts and unwise investments that the $60,000,000 had shrunk to less than $30,000,000 at Mrs. Penfield's death.

Marrying Marathon of the Kaufman Sisters

By Gene Coughlin

IT MIGHT have been a hunch, or it might have been native shrewdness, or just coincidence, but Otto Young, Chicago's late merchant prince, saved $9,000,000 for his estate with his strange pay-as-they-enter-this-world plan for his granddaughters, the five Kaufman sisters.

The doting millionaire, an advocate of big families, reportedly gave his daughter, Mrs. Marie Young Kaufman, a million dollars every time she had a baby. The five Kaufman sisters cost him $5,000,000, and friends said:

"It seems a silly thing to do. Why doesn't he hold onto the money and give each granddaughter a million dollars as a dowry when she marries?"

If Otto Young had followed that practice, giving each of his granddaughters a million each time she got married, the five girls would have cost him a total of $15,000,000 up to the time this is written—with nobody willing to bet even money there won't be more divorces, and weddings, in the Kaufman clan.

The only feminine Kaufman shunning divorce courts is their mother. Louis G. Kaufman, father of the five girls, died in 1942, leaving a considerable estate including homes in Palm Beach, Marquette, Mich., and on New York's Park avenue.

Two years later his widow became Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt, and continued to sigh as she scanned her daughters' standings in the marital marathon. The record for the five: 15 marriages, 10 divorces, 13 children. All totals subject to revision without notice.

As befits the oldest sister, Joan leads the league in matrimonial battling averages. Her first marriage was in 1926 to George Drexel Biddle of the Philadelphia Biddles. It looked like it might be her last marriage, too. But, after 12 years of being a Biddle, Joan went out to Cody, Wyoming, and divorced George.

Husband No. 2 was Joseph M. Wintersteen, also a Philadelphia "Main Liner," a union that lasted until 1941 when Joan took up headquarters in rapid Reno, Nev. The same day she got her decree she married a soft-spoken cowboy, Frank Polk, and they lived happily in their little home on the range—for three months.

Then Joan went back to Reno, got her third divorce, and climbed aboard an eastbound plane. Frank Polk climbed aboard the same plane. Whether he spoke softly is not recorded, but he certainly talked fast. At Elko, 220 miles east of Reno, the pair got off the plane, and married again.

This time it lasted four months. Four days after her second divorce from Polk, Joan became the wife of William F. Ladd, a real estate man of Chicago and Palm Beach.

Last May, Joan climaxed another pilgrimage to Reno by divorcing Ladd and promptly married John Charles Martin, 40. He's not a cowboy but he's a good man on a farm, Joan said, explaining he had managed the Kaufman estate at Marquette perfectly. And besides, she said, she loves him.

Pending additional communiques, Joan's score is:

Six marriages, five divorces, three children.

Ann, the second oldest, leads the league in only one department: number of children. She became the wife of socialite Crawford Hill in 1931, divorced him in 1935, enjoyed her freedom for a few minutes and married Richardson Dilworth, Philadelphia attorney.

Her record: two marriages, one divorce, four children.

Juliet, Sister No. 3, found her Romeo doing KP in a London hotel while she was waiting to be presented at the Royal court in 1935. His name was Jean Baptiste de Manio. It was explained that he was an Italian count but did not use the title. It was also explained he wanted to learn the hotel business from the ground, or the kitchen, up.

Marie Louise Kaufman Tonella Reavely Tonella —Started 10 Years Late.

Joan Kaufman Biddle Wintersteen Polk Polk Ladd Martin—Leads the Field So Far.

Jean Baptiste left the Kaufman family, via divorce, in 1945, and Juliet became Mrs. William Littleton of Beverly Hills, Cal. Score: Two marriages, one divorce, one child.

Marie Louise made a game bid to challenge Joan for the league leadership, but Joan had a 10-year start. At this writing they are tied in two classifications—number of re-marriages and number of children.

In 1936, Marie Louise eloped from the Marquette summer home to Armonk, N. Y., with Carl Tonella, son of a Marquette undertaker. Mama Kaufman was slow coming through with (a) the maternal blessing and (b) financial assistance.

They went back to Marquette on receipt of the "come home, all is forgiven" message and lived happily until 1939 when Marie Louise got her first divorce. The following year she eloped with Thomas J. Reavely, commercial aviator.

Like big sister Joan, Marie Louise went to Reno in 1945, it being understood that mama would finance the liberating expedition. The deal was called off when her mother heard she planned to marry Jack Hughes of Long Island, and Marie Louise returned to Marquette.

There she met ex-husband Carl Tonella, handsome as ever and home from the wars. He urged her to go back to Reno and get her divorce, which she did, and promptly became Mrs. Tonella again. Her score: Three marriages (twice to the same man), two divorces, three children.

Jane, the baby sister, stayed married to Edward Ellsworth Harding of Marquette, from 1939 to 1942, when tradition and Reno beckoned. Three years later, while her mother was sending out cards announcing her impending marriage to Raymond Elliott Buck, Jr., Jane became the wife of Sidney Sheldon, Hollywood scenarist. For Jane: Two marriages, one divorce, two children.

Even if there is no further activity, the sisters have their average of three marriages per capita. But, as Juliet Kaufman Littleton said the other day in describing her marriage to Jean Baptiste de Manio in London:

"I met him. Six days later—you know the Kaufmans—we were married."

Discarded husbands all over the world echoed:

"Yes. We know the Kaufmans."

GREAT DUELS of the

Women Were Often Involved in Duels in the Old West and Now and Then a Pretty One Found Her Future Husband Through a Little Game of Draw — With Six-Shooters

Norton Rushed to the Blackburn Home and Told Mary What Had Happened. "If You're Going," She Said, "I'm With You and Right Now."

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

By Harry H. Morgan

For the Heart of Mary Blackburn

IT DIDN'T always take a woman to set off a gun fight in the Wild West but now and then a pretty one found her future husband through a little game of draw—with six-shooters.

Mary Blackburn was one of these and Mary was unusually pretty.

Seventeen, tall, and crowned with a head of rippling blond hair, she was the acknowledged belle of Silver City when that Nevada camp vied for rowdy fame with its lusty neighbor, Virginia City, on the Comstock Lode.

Her father was a judge, a man of standing. His biggest worry was Mary. A mining camp, thronged with men of all kinds and classes, was a hazardous place to rear a girl. Mary met more men at her court than her father saw at his own.

Few of the suitors who pleaded for Mary's hand met the judge's approval. One, Henry Norton, was particularly objectionable to him.

Norton was dark-haired and handsome. Mary soon was favoring him over a score of others notwithstanding her father's disapproval. He was the editor of a camp mining journal, but it was his past that lent him glamour in Mary's eyes.

He had been a soldier of fortune, a scout for the army, a gold prospector, and a game hunter all over the West. He had spent his boyhood in excitement and adventure. He had been with a party of white men, camped on the Gila River in Arizona, when a band of Apaches swept down upon them. Norton was the sole survivor of the raid.

He was a glib talker. The tales of his thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes fascinated Mary and she, like all girls of those stirring times, was quite accustomed to stories of ordinary valor.

As for Norton, there was no doubt about his love for Mary. The more persistent he became in his attentions the more determined Judge Blackburn grew in his opposition to the match.

Among Mary's other suitors was a wealthy Spaniard, who had come north from Mexico, lured by word of the fabulous silver and gold strikes in the Nevada mountains. A romantic figure, the Spaniard was a man of the world. The Don, as everybody called him, had a polish and courtly charm that the dashing Norton lacked.

Blackburn regarded him as more acceptable than Norton as a son-in-law. He began playing one against the other in the race for Mary's heart.

The father's interference in his daughter's love affairs lashed the rivalry to the fighting point. Norton was not a quitter, particularly when the girl he loved was at stake.

Norton knew it would never do to provoke a street brawl with his rich rival, an easy means to justify a gun fight. A formal duel would be necessary to meet the fatal requirements of the situation.

The young editor found an excuse to feel that he had been insulted. A challenge to avenge the affront on the field of honor followed.

The Spaniard promptly accepted. He had no other choice. Refusal to fight would have meant banishment from the camp and certain loss of Mary.

As the challenged party he had the choice of weapons. He picked six-shooters. That suited Norton, though any weapon would have been to his liking.

The opponents were to stand back to back 20 paces apart. At the call of "Three" they were to turn and fire. Daylight of the following morning was set as the time.

With the arrangements completed, Norton went to his little print shop office. Throughout the night he kept busy at work, pushing his pencil and handing out "copy" to his printers. Not a word was spoken of the crisis that awaited him at dawn.

Shortly before daybreak he folded several sheets of paper in an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to his foreman.

"Jack, this is 'copy,'" he said. "I have an important engagement in a little while and might not be back. If I don't return, run this in the next issue."

Norton had written his obituary.

His rival was waiting at the appointed place on the edge of Silver City.

Instructions were given, the weapons inspected,

GOLD RUSH DAYS

and the two combatants took their positions.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" a second called.

Both answered "Yes."

"One! Two! Three!"

At the word "Three" both men whirled. Their guns flashed at the same instant.

THE Spaniard clutched his chest. His knees buckled and he sank to the ground, dying with a bullet through the heart.

His shot was high. The lead passed harmlessly over Norton's head.

The editor hurried back to his office.

"Tear up that 'copy' I left," he yelled at the foreman. "I won't be back but you won't need to run it—at least not right away."

He rushed on to the Blackburn home just as the household was beginning to stir. In a few words he told Mary what had happened.

"They'll be after me," he whispered. "Your father will see to that. The Virginia City stage leaves in a few minutes. I'll go away for a while. When this blows over you can join me."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Mary replied. "If you're going, I'm with *you* and right now."

There was time for *only* a brief embrace. Norton and Mary were *safely* aboard the stage when the driver cracked *his* whip over the six-horse team.

Judge Blackburn *discovered* his daughter was gone soon after *she had* left the house. He hurried out to *investigate*. By that time the camp was buzzing with *the* story of the dawn love duel.

The first man *the* judge met told him of the encounter. *The rest* was very clear to him.

Blackburn was a man of the law, but that still was a day when citizens carried their personal brand of justice on their hip.

Furious and grim, he dashed back to his home and buckled on his six-shooters. He ordered the fastest horse in camp saddled at once.

The dust from the whirling wheels of the stagecoach had barely settled before the irate father was off in hot pursuit. Urging his horse on at full gallop, he narrowed the gap between him and the fleeing couple by many miles. The stage rolled into Virginia City with only minutes to spare.

The judge reined up just in time to hear the last words of "I now pronounce you man and wife" uttered by a justice of the peace. The smiles on the newly married couple's faces vanished under Blackburn's stern glare.

His hands rested lightly on his six-shooters as he faced them.

"I swore I'd kill you both when I caught you," he stormed.

Norton stood calmly with his arm around his bride.

"But now this—I can't do it."

He spared their lives but he never forgave them.

Another gun fight, across the kerosene footlights of a frontier theater, set the stage for the strangest wedding the Old West ever saw. That was in Deadwood, the hell-roaring camp of the Dakota Black Hills, the stomping ground of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane.

A man and woman stepped out of the Deadwood stage one day and sauntered into the Bella Union, a combination dance hall, theater, and saloon. They hunted up Billy Nuttall, the manager of the place.

"We're a song and dance team," the man said. "We'd like to go *to* work."

Entertainment *talent* was scarce in those rough early days.

The requirements *in* a place like the Bella Union weren't very *high*.

Anyone who could *croak* a song or dance a few steps could get on.

Nuttall put the new*comers* to work at once. They didn't have very *much* of an act to offer his customers.

The man could thump *out* a few tunes on the old square piano the place pro*vided*. His partner came out in a bedraggled ballet outfit and sang a couple ballads.

Their performance wasn't *good*, but the customers, the gold-rich miners, gam*blers*, and dance hall girls thought it was better than *no* show at all.

A few nights after the couple *had* made their first appearance they were taking a *bow* over the sputtering footlights that rimmed the little stage.

Suddenly, a spectator got up out *of* his chair in a darkened corner near the curtained *boxes* that lined the place.

His hand came up menacingly from *his* hip with the quick draw of a six-shooter.

Two shots rang out as he fired at the couple on the stage.

The bullets plunked into the piano behind the two entertainers.

Before he could fire again the piano player straightened quickly out of his bow. A gun flashed from his belt. He fired once. The man in the audience dropped.

AS THE man fell the woman on the stage screamed in horror. She leaped across the footlights and frantically pushed her way to the wounded man's side.

There she slipped her arm under his head and started to cry.

The man was badly hit. With a weak gesture he beckoned to several men standing in a circle around the pair.

"This woman's my wife," he gasped. "That feller took her away from me. I've followed 'em all over the West. Caught up with 'em here. I tried to kill him. He got me instead."

He sank back exhausted. Death was near.

"There's one thing I ask," he whispered. "Git a preacher and make that man marry her—over my body."

The miners promised to fulfill the wish.

One of the bystanders ran to find a preacher. In a little while the messenger was back, clearing the way for a frock-coated figure, who strode through a lane of bespangled dance hall girls and red-shirted miners.

The wife was still sitting with her dying husband's head in her tinseled lap.

The man who shot him had been led from his place on the stage and stood silent beside the tragic couple.

A doctor pressed through the crowd and put his fingers on the stricken man's wrist.

A strange hush suddenly settled over the subdued throng of spectators.

Men had been shot down in the Bella Union before with scarcely a pause in the overtones of clinking glass and raucous laughter of the rough and ready merry-makers.

This killing was different.

In a few minutes the doctor stood up. The man was dead.

The wife fought back her tears and got to her feet.

"Is this the man this woman is going to marry?"

The preacher looked at the figure standing at the feet of the dead man. He nodded.

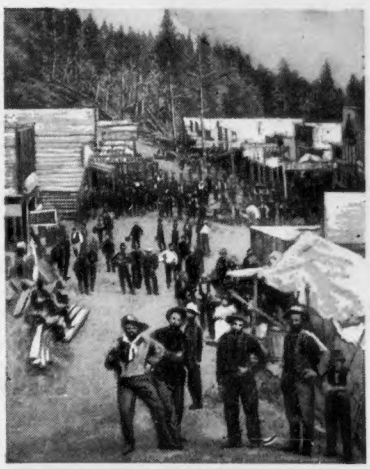
"YOU will join hands," the preacher spoke solemnly.

There was blood on the woman's hand when she extended it.

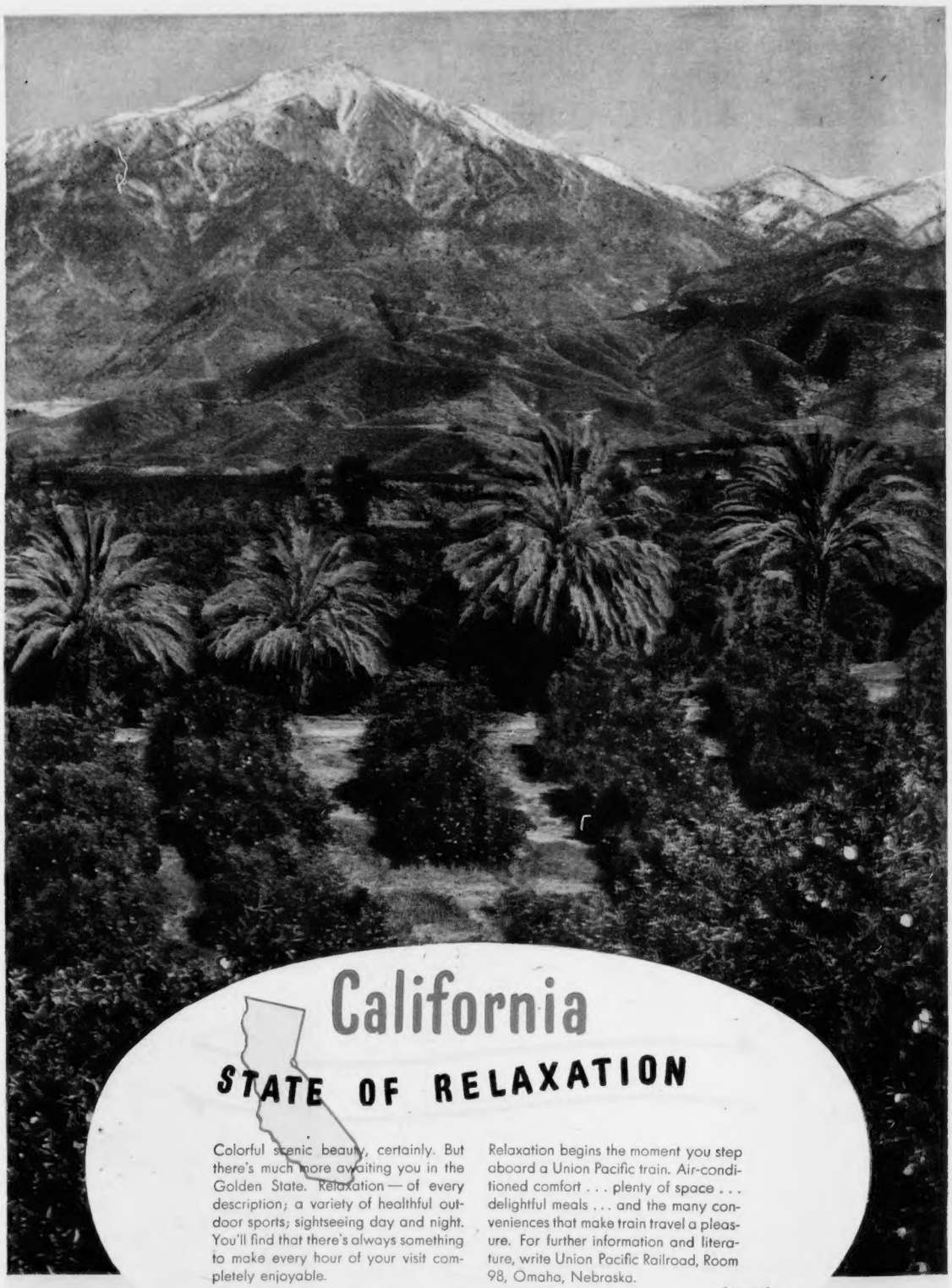
The words of the marriage vows were spoken by the preacher and repeated by the couple before him. At the end he said a benediction.

The crowd shuffled out. There was no more hilarity that night at the Bella Union.

The couple, married as they stood beside the bride's slain husband, left Deadwood on the next stage. The West saw them no more.



Deadwood, S. D.—Wild Bill Hickok Was Here.



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THE SEASONED TRAVELER • GOES BY TRAIN

Until the End of the Program the Telephone Rang Continually. The Listeners Wanted the "Whistling Song" Repeated —the Flop Record Ted Weems Had Made 15 Years Before.

MIRACLE MYSTERY OF 'Heartaches'

By Ray Helgesen

THIS is the story of a famous orchestra leader who was shunted almost to the brink of oblivion by a perverse fate only to be snatched back at the last moment.

It is the story of Ted Weems and of an almost forgotten song. It is a story of grand ballrooms, of great theatres and of one-night stands in back-street cafes. In more ways than one it is a story of heartaches and of the gossamer thread upon which our lives are hung.

Until just before the war Ted Weems was the leader of one of the nation's most famous bands. His orchestra played the most famous night clubs and theatres in the country and for the biggest prices. In the '30s, Weems' orchestra was grouped with Vallee's, Lombardo's, Roger Wolfe Kahn's and Hal Kemp's, all names to conjure with.

Then came the war and like many others, Weems' orchestra was broken up. Some were drafted. Some enlisted. Others took essential work and Weems himself enlisted in the latter part of 1942. The music they heard was martial music.

With the war's end and the return of the orchestra to civilian life, fate dealt Weems its stiffest punch. The war had changed many of his men. Some wanted to forget music. Others joined other bands. Two failed to return.

For months Weems attempted to regroup his orchestra. But each day it seemed to become more impossible and after exhausting his slim resources he was finally forced to compromise. The orchestra that had been one of the great band names of the '30s became a four-piece one-night-stander playing what engagements it could get.

Even these weren't many. But though Weems' heart was broken, he felt that somehow his number would come up. He didn't know then that he had a ticket on "Heartaches," one of the most phenomenal songs in music publishing history. He didn't know then that 15 years ago fate had had its finger on him and was just now ready to complete the circle.

It was back in 1932 that Songwriters Al Hoffman and Al Kienner wrote a ballad and called it "Heartaches." RCA Victor officials finally decided to take a chance and record it. They hired Weems' orchestra to do the recording.

It was a rush job.

There was time for but a single rehearsal session. Weems and his band met and studied the song and weren't too happy about it. It didn't seem to "click."

Besides, Weems had no one available to sing the lyrics. Finally it was decided to forget the lyrics and use Elmo Tanner, a member of the band, for a whistling interlude.

Here is the chorus of the unused lyrics.

*"*You brought me HEARTACHES, HEARTACHES.*
"My loving you meant only HEARTACHES,
"Your kiss was such a sacred thing to me,
"I can't believe it's just a burning memory."

After several unhappy rehearsal attempts in the slow time in which it was written someone suggested "Let's jazz it up." No one now remembers who made the suggestion and Weems himself refuses to take credit for it. But they tried it. Hesitantly at first. Then, after a second runover, they began to like it and made an arrangement that caused this ballad to snarl and bark.

The next morning they cut the record and eventually it was put on the market. But nothing happened. Radio tried it a few times and forgot it. Record stores sold a few copies. Victor plugged it with little success. At that time there were too many jazz records.

Finally, the master record was filed among the "dead ones." The reprints were stacked away on storage shelves. "Heartaches" was forgotten.

Five years later Weems had shifted his affiliations to Decca and was scheduled to cut another record. Only because someone had unaccountably forgotten to select a song for the other side of the record was "Heartaches" cut again.

The years passed and the world was hit by a real heartache, World War II.

Weems returned from the war broke and disheartened. It was then that fate, the master planner, decided to set the stage for the final scene and selected a young southern disc jockey as its instrument.

The disc jockey was Kurt Webster, who called himself the "Night Mayor" of Charlotte, N. C.

It was a quiet midnight in Charlotte not long ago when Webster reached into a pile of old records near his turntable and picked up the first record his fingers touched.

He placed it on the turntable and announced casually: "This one is 'Heartaches.' It's a Ted Weems oldie and I hope its danceable and I hope you like it." He waved to the night engineer, flipped a switch and lit a cigarette.

"Heartaches" was among a dozen "oldies" given him a few days before. Webster had not had time either to catalogue or file the gifts.

When the song was finished Webster removed it, replaced it with another record and again flipped the switch.

Suddenly the studio telephones began to ring.

"Hey," a youthful voice said, "give with that 'Heartaches' job again, will you? That's terriff."

Another caller: "What was that whistling song you just played, Kurt? Never heard it before. Will you run it again."

The phones rang continually for the next hour, until the end of the program. Nine out of 10 callers wanted "Heartaches" repeated.

Late that afternoon at the studio he received more phone calls. Not from bobby soxers. These were from Charlotte music stores who wanted to know where they could quickly get prints of the record he had played the night before. The seekers after "Heartaches" were of all ages.

Immediately in New York Victor and Decca frantically dusted off their old master discs of the Weems recordings and started printing for the southern trade. But then, as more disc jockeys on other stations picked up the tune, the craze for the song spread until within a few weeks it had swept the nation.

The song finally hit the No. 1 spot on the Hit Parade on Saturday, April 19.

"Heartaches" has sold over 3,000,000 records and more than 800,000 copies of sheet music. Its sensational success is a mystery that no one seems able to explain. Music publishers can't. They just total the profits and marvel. Mass-mind psychologists grudgingly admit they can't, either.

But Ted Weems doesn't try. Today, only a few months after Kurt Webster by sheerest accident played "Heartaches," Weems again has a new orchestra of 15 pieces and again is playing the best theatres and night clubs in the country.

"Heartaches" is played and sung by every band in radio. Most of them play it straight as a ballad. The public prefers Ted Weems' fighting jazz treatment and the sweet whistling of Elmo Tanner who now is back with Weems' new band. They draw no royalties from "Heartaches" but "Heartaches" pulled them back up the hard road called Success.

* Copyright, 1931, 1942, by Leeds Music Corporation.

Illustrated by RAPHAEL DE SOTO

By Booton Herndon

FOND MEMORIES OF A *Gambler's Wife*

George Herrick's Nightly Gambling Take Was More Than Enough to Satisfy the Most Avaricious Appetite, but Wife Marion Dreamed of Another, More Glamourous Life on the French Riviera.

SLIM and blond, blue-eyed and charming, the hostess glanced around the table at her dinner guests. Socialites all, she thought proudly, and rich.

They had to be socialites, and they had to be rich, or they wouldn't be there. After the sumptuous dinner the host would take over from the hostess, with his roulette wheel and dice. The George Herricks didn't entertain only for pleasure in those days.

Sometimes now, Mrs. Marion McArdle Herrick thinks back on those good old days, when six servants ran her 14-room apartment, and special butlers and chefs came in for grand occasions. She remembers, too, an earlier period, when packed houses cheered her as the world's champion lady heel-and-toe walker.

She quickly pulls her thoughts back to her tasks, however, for her job is very important. It pays her $35 a week.

Recently, after an absence of 14 years, Mrs. Herrick returned briefly to the world of headlines and attorneys and attention. She charged in Brooklyn, (N. Y.) Supreme Court that her divorced husband, the big-shot gambler George Herrick, was $4,500 behind in his alimony to her—for years he had been giving her only $65 per month of the $90 set by court.

Furthermore, she said, he had told her he had no intention of paying, and he might as well be in jail for contempt of court. She could have added that he would be no stranger there, for Herrick had made himself well known to police over the gambling years.

It began in 1925, when with the stage name of Marion Ardell, she was co-starred in an act which pulled in $1200 a week. She and her partner daily raced on treadmills set up on the stage. As they walked in the exaggerated heel-and-toe style, they stayed in one place, but the moving rollers beneath their feet made a dial turn. This indicated to the audience the distance walked.

Then a lot more good things happened all at once. She received $25,000 from her grandfather's estate. After counting up her savings of several thousand more, she went on a vacation to Atlantic City. To cap it all, she met a handsome man who wined her and dined her and gave her expensive gifts.

He was a dress salesman, who liked to play the stock market. He did all right, too, judging by the engagement ring he gave his slim young fiancee.

"He was eager to marry me," she recalls. "He promised that he would give me everything my heart desired. Only one thing he asked—that I would give up the stage. I agreed, and we were married. We had a happiness that lasted seven years."

Herrick made good money on his commissions, but after about six months of married life, he took up gambling. He liked to bank dice games, and before long his take was good for $25,000 a month, Mrs. Herrick recalls.

Drifting away from selling dresses, he finally reached a point where the rolling dice and the spinning wheel provided him with practically all his income.

"Then I induced him to turn to the carriage trade. I got an apartment on Park avenue, and we outfitted it for a gambling place. It was run very quietly, but we had thrills.

"There was the night we had three guests. Only three, but they were high in both the society and the financial world. They lost $18,000 between them that night. After two years on Park avenue, George had a million salted away. I wanted to retire."

Only a couple of years before Marion Ardell had appeared, silk tights covering the figure that her admirers likened to that of Venus de Milo, on a treadmill. Then, in 1927, after two years of gambling, she wanted to retire, to buy a villa at Cannes, and live the life that their millions would give them.

"But no, he had to be active. He craved excitement. We moved to a larger apartment—it had 14 rooms and five baths—and went on gambling. Sometimes $100,000 would change hands in a single night. I'll admit it was thrilling."

Mrs. Herrick, the gambler's wife, was like a banker's wife giving a dinner party. Her guests were figures both socially and financially. For them, the hostess entertained lavishly —$500 or $600 for a single dinner was nothing.

In 1932, things started to go wrong. Temperaments began to clash.

"We found ourselves the victims of incompatibility. We were getting on each other's nerves and we decided to part. Alimony was set at $90 a month."

In 1933, she appeared in a New York police station to say that she was destitute, and deserted by her husband.

Recently, Mrs. Herrick protested through her lawyer, William McKelvey, in Brooklyn Supreme Court, that her ex-husband had fallen far behind in alimony payments. Herrick was in Havana at the time.

He lived, she said, in only the best hotels. His name was linked "with a variety of women who, by their reputation, would require the most expensive sort of entertainment from their escorts."

Herrick, in the 15 years between the separation and the filing of charges, had figured often in the news. His name was frequently coupled with tony gambling places raided by the police during the '30s.

In 1941 he became the fourth husband of Joyce Pruitt, and in 1943 he spent 30 days in jail on a gambling charge. In 1944 he was fined $5000 on an income tax violation and stated that he was no longer a gambler.

His only activity, he said, was part ownership in a Florida night club, but no one could say that George Herrick didn't live well.

The years were not kind to the woman who had set the stage for his greatest coups.

No longer the Venus in silk tights, no longer the Park avenue hostess, Marion McArdle Herrick can nevertheless smile as she remembers those old days.

"They're gone," she says pensively. "But then, I'm happy now. I like my work as a mail clerk, and my employers are wonderful to me. It's different from those rosy Park avenue days, but I'll never lose those good old times.

"I'll have them, always, in my memories."

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

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Little DETECTIVES

Dusty, the Pup, Listens In While the Wright Sisters, Barbara Ann, 13, Caroline, Eight, and Nelva, 11 (Left to Right), Tell How They Helped Catch a Murderer.

By Irmis Johnson

IN ALL of her 11 years Betty Wilkins, of Athens, Ont., probably never has heard of Marcus Aurelius Fortunatus Tidd. Neither, perhaps have the three little Wright sisters of Houston, Tex., the teen-age Bennett girls of Baltimore, Md., or Rodney Peterson, eight, of Spokane, Wash.

Yet these youngsters have shown themselves so adept at amateur detecting that they might have been a credit to the gang of that famous stuttering fat-boy sleuth, created 30 years ago by Clarence Budington Kelland

Betty Wilkins stood on the curb late one rainy afternoon. She had come to Brockville, a town near her home, on the bus to go to the movies.

As she waited, her eyes followed an old man crossing the street. Then a car flashed by, leaving his crumpled body lying quite still at her feet

The trembling schoolgirl started after the retreating automobile. That's when a crippled man she hadn't even noticed in her excitement said:

"See if you can get the license number."

As Betty scribbled the figures, the car stopped and a tall, stern-faced woman stepped out, looked around, then covered her face with her hands.

She got back in the car and drove away

When Betty returned to the scene of the accident both the body and the cripple were gone Could she have been dreaming, she wondered.

Her father suspected as much when she told him the fantastic story.

Meanwhile, the old man, whose body had been found by a policeman and identified as 78-year old Ernest Stephenson of Brockville, was declared dead from natural causes and buried.

Three weeks later his body was exhumed. The crippled man was behind that step, it's reported, and a post-mortem showed that Ernest Stephenson had been crushed—as if a car had passed over his body.

A newspaper story then asked that the unidentified girl who, according to the cripple, had witnessed the accident come forward.

Betty testified against Miss Evelyn Empey, driver of the hit-and-run car. Miss Empey pleaded guilty and was fined $100 and costs.

Rodney Peterson, eight, of Spokane, didn't see any crime committed but he has a junior G-Man's badge, and when he heard that an FBI agent was looking for $13,350 worth of missing jewels he said, "I'll get to work on the case."

Eleven-Year-Old Betty Wilkins Assisted in Bringing a Hit-and-Run Driver to Justice.

In half an hour he had a tip. A playmate had picked up the costly ornaments when they fell from a delivery truck. The FBI, with Rodney's help, eventually located everything.

The Frank Wrights and the Ray Guinns are neighbors. Their children are playmates.

That's how it happened that 13 year old Barbara Ann Wright, her sister Nelva, aged 11, and little Caroline who is only eight, were going to bed in the Guinn home, instead of their own.

Caroline had tiptoed into the bedroom where her two older sisters were when a shot was fired outside the window.

The sisters say they heard the Guinns' back door open. Peeping through a crack, they report, they saw Nolan West, another guest at the Guinn house, rush in from outdoors

They saw him go into the kitchen, the girls said, and heard him make the kind of noise that comes from a gun being unloaded.

Remembering a mystery movie where the killer had "bumped off" the person who went to the police, the sisters decided that if this was a murder they'd never tell a soul

As they slept, policemen were busy across the street where a man sat slumped under the steering wheel of an automobile. A bullet hole through his skull showed how he had died.

His wallet still held $138 and identification cards indicating that he was Walter Zaboroski, a 42-year-old mechanic. Nothing more was learned.

Next day everyone talked about the murder. The sisters broke down and told their parents all they had seen and heard

Mrs. Wright took her daughters to police headquarters where they repeated their story. Nolan West was arrested in Fort Worth. According to the police, he said Zaboroski was killed when he resisted an attempted hold-up.

Barbara Ann and Nelva acted as star witnesses for the state at the recent trial wherein West was found guilty of murder and sentenced to the electric chair.

Although the case has been appealed, the Wright moppets still may entertain ideas of growing up to be policewomen.

Fifteen-year-old Doris Bennett and her sister Joan, 14, won the commendation of the Baltimore Police Department for trapping an automobile thief and recovering their brother's stolen car.

The girls saw what looked like their brother Edward's car with two strange boys in it.

The boys whistled. The girls whistled back, and eventually got in the back seat.

Doris proposed going to a teen-age dance.

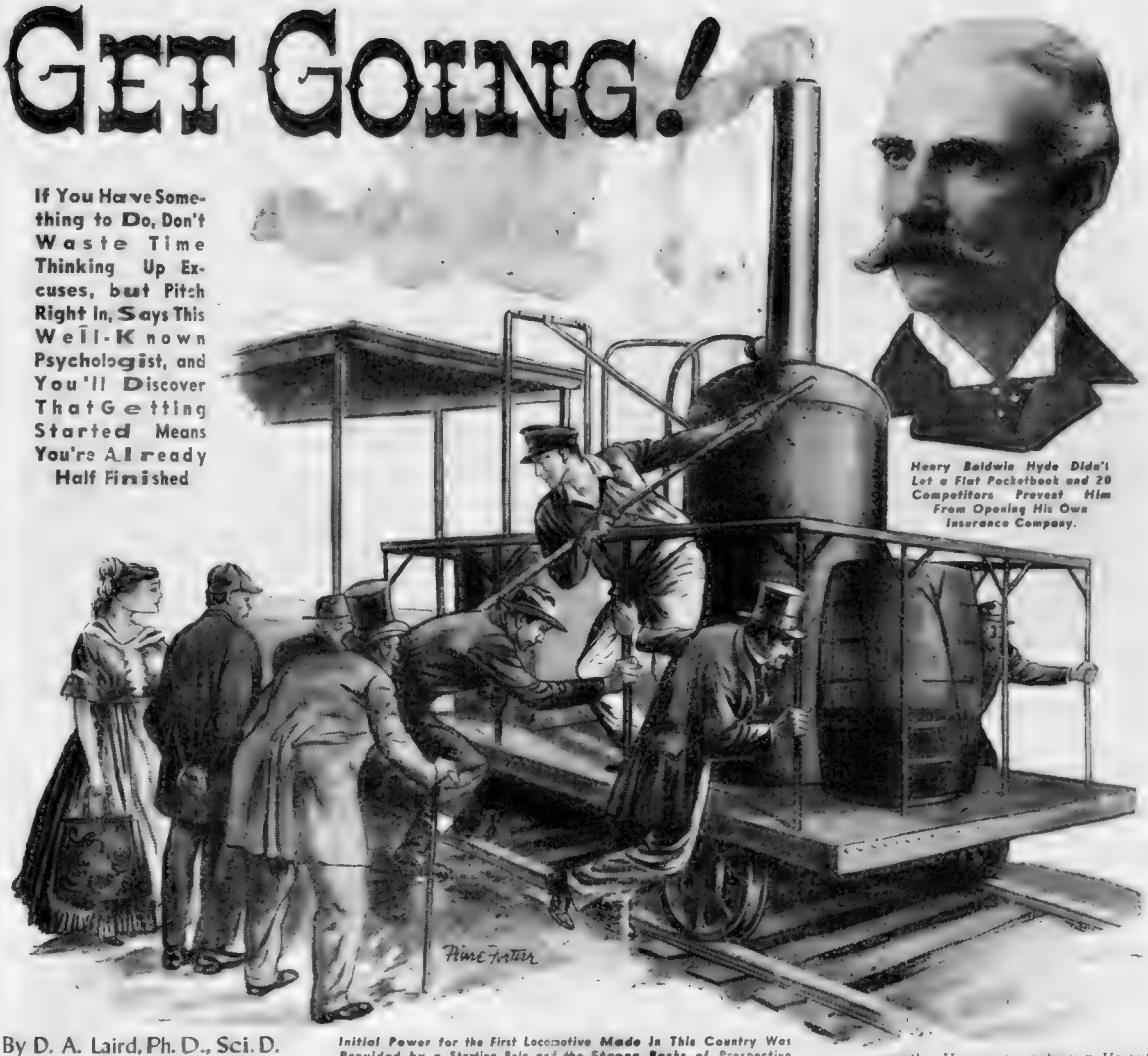
Then she suggested that they stop to pick up a girl friend who worked in a certain garage

Doris ran in to recruit the strictly mythical girl. She came out with Edward.

The Baltimore Police Department gave the Bennett sisters nightsticks and their thanks. Their mother scolded them for picking up boys.

GET GOING!

If You Have Something to Do, Don't Waste Time Thinking Up Excuses, but Pitch Right In, Says This Well-Known Psychologist, and You'll Discover That Getting Started Means You're Already Half Finished



Henry Baldwin Hyde Didn't Let a Flat Pocketbook and 20 Competitors Prevent Him From Opening His Own Insurance Company.

Initial Power for the First Locomotive Made In This Country Was Provided by a Starting Pole and the Strong Backs of Prospective Passengers. It Took a Lot of Pushing Before Everybody Could Hop Aboard.

By D. A. Laird, Ph. D., Sci. D.
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

THE gasoline gauge reported "empty," but I wanted to reach the filling station near home where I could get a cent discount.

The motor sputtered and died as I turned into the station, 15 feet from the gasoline pump — lifeless as a banana peeling.

"Nice level pavement," I thought aloud, "Will be easy to push the car to the pump."

All 190 pounds of me couldn't make the car move. It seemed to spring in where I pushed, but the wheels were motionless as a stubborn mule. Bill the attendant came up, leaned his shoulder against the back of the car, gave a long grunt in which I joined, and we had her under way. Then he left me to guide the gasless wonder in alone.

I couldn't start it with my full strength, but once it was moving slightly I could easily keep it moving.

It always takes more effort to get started than to keep going. That is why your automobile has to be started in the powerful low gear. Engineers call this overcoming initial inertia.

The first railroad locomotive made in this country had a "starting pole" to overcome this initial inertia, and old musket barrels to carry steam to the cylinders. Peter Cooper built it for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

But the locomotive would not start when the engineer opened the throttle. He had to push against the ground with the starting pole, too, to get it under way.

People, too, need a starting pole to get going, to overcome an initial inertia in order to get things done.

Started is half finished.

The hardest part of a letter is the opening sentence. Hesitation at the outset needs a starting pole to overcome the indecision.

Hiram Maxim used a starting pole for his letters. He had difficulty recalling names, but did not waste time or show indecision when he was dictating a letter. He would lean back in his chair and start:

"Dear Mr. Bungstarter:"

His stenographer had to look up the correct name afterwards. Maxim was an expert on explosives, and he used explosive starts in his own work. No hemming and hawing. No head scratching over a name. He started.

Some 60,000 salesmen report that the hardest part of selling is starting the sales talk. Once they get uncorked, the rest is easy.

Henry Baldwin Hyde came from the Catskills, worked seven years for a life insurance company. He was cashier at 25, with ideas for expanding the business. One blustery March Saturday he talked these ideas over with the company president. The president promptly fired him.

Monday, he rented a second floor back room at 93 Broadway and started his own company. It was only an idea. There was no capital. There were 20 existing companies with which to compete.

But young Hyde made the start, the hardest part of getting anything under way. He did not wait for more propitious times. He jumped from scratch right into the activity of building a new company. Nor did his Equitable Life Assurance Society get off to a flying start. But he got off to a forceful start.

James Redpath also put on extra starting power. He had started our nationwide tradition of Memorial Day, while superintendent of schools at Charleston, S. C.

One evening he talked with Charles Dickens. The novelist related some of his unpleasant experiences while on a lecture tour which he had arranged himself. At breakfast the following morning, short Redpath remarked, "Celebrities should not have to make their own lecture arrangements and dates. There should be a bureau to do the job on an efficient basis, and I will start one."

Immediate action followed that decision, and, in a friend's office on Bloomfield Street, he started the first lecture bureau. He made up the business from odds and ends; there was no regular routine at first. Each task was something new to be started and Redpath was a man who would put on the extra effort needed.

He built up the great lyceums that spread entertainment and culture, then the chautauquas for summer months. He was an achiever. He put on extra power at the start.

An energetic start licks stage fright, too. A widely known theatrical producer knew this, and applied it on opening nights to bring out top performances from his stars.

He would stand in the wings, beside the star who was nervously awaiting her cue. When the cue came, he gave the star an unexpected kick, pushing her on the stage. Surprise displaced nervous tension, and on she went, ready to do her best.

James Buchanan Duke saw what Rockefeller was doing in consolidating small oil companies to produce a business giant. He scratched his red head, allowed he could do the same thing with tobacco.

"Then," Buck Duke said, "I started out to do it." That easy.

Another tobacco man, long before Duke, accomplished a lot in his life time. This was Sir Walter Raleigh.

"How do you ever get so many things done?" he was asked.

"When there is anything to do, I start it."

Don't imagine it is too difficult: start it!

Don't put it off a day: start it now!

Don't look for something else to do—start this!

Energetic starters need not worry about getting things done, or about ruts, or about lack of opportunities.

You have done things without using this extra force at the start. Think how much more you can achieve by making enthusiastic starts on each morning, and at each task.

Illustrated by PIERRE FORTIER

MYRNA LOY

Deals a Compliment to

QUAKER

Puffed Rice

SPARKIES

"Rice Shot from Guns Makes a Lovely Breakfast"

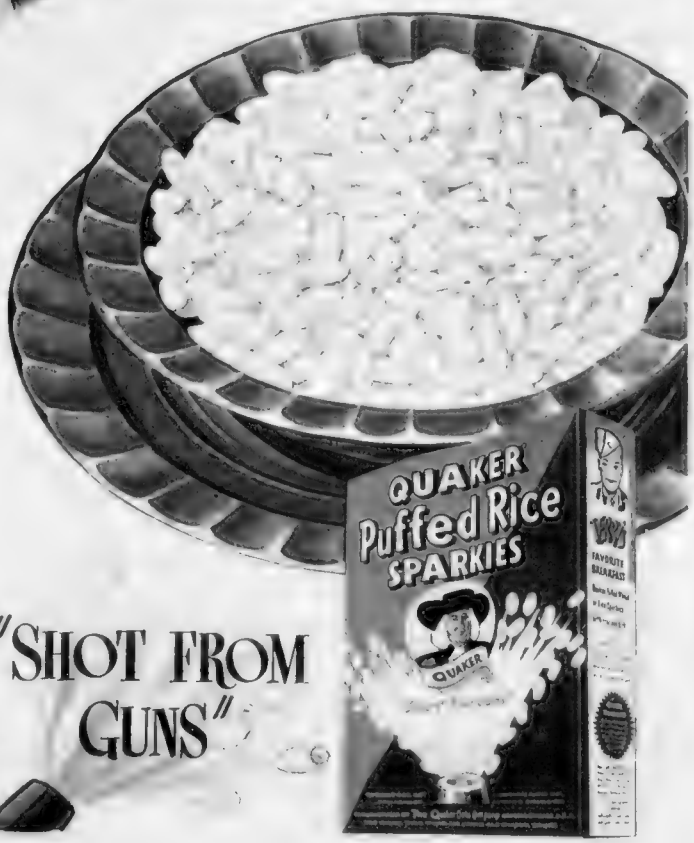
Co-Starring in R.K.O. Radio's
"THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER"

MYRNA: Hello there, Mr. Quaker Man. If I may say so, I think you've got a vote of thanks coming for making breakfast so happy. May your rice shot from guns always be a best seller.

QUAKER MAN: Thank you, Myrna, that's gracious of you. It does so happen that today more folks than ever before are enjoying Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies. That's because quality is the most important thing about a food. And only the premium grains of rice are selected for Sparkies. Then these choice premium grains are shot from guns, actually exploded to 8 times normal size. So they come out big, luscious, plump grains that please the whole family.

MYRNA: And definitely on the attractive side, aren't they!

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Myrna, a breakfast of Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies with some milk and fruit is pretty hard to resist. But folks should remember this—to get the original, crisp, fresh Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies, always look for the big red and blue Quaker package. It's never sold in bags or bulk. What's more, Sparkies have the additional food value of Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Iron restored. So for the best insist on Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies.



"SHOT FROM GUNS"

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies

"What Can I Do Out Here in West Roxbury?" the Cabbie Protested, Near the Microphone. Within Half an Hour the Police Had Gathered In the Stick-Ups.

She Learned the Business From the Ground Up—Under a Cab—and Now at 31 She Runs a 90-Car Boston Company

Lady with a FLEET of TAXIS

By Sam Bornstein

TWO men, their hats pulled low over their eyes, stepped into the highway and flagged the oncoming taxicab. The driver pulled to a halt, and one of the men jumped into the seat beside him while the second man occupied the rear seat.

"Make for the hills," the man in the front told the driver. "And make it fast."

Once outside the city's limits, the driver felt a gun pressed against his side. "This is a stick up," his occupants said. "Come on, hand over all you've got."

The driver turned a small switch close to his steering wheel, and drew the cab to a stop. "Come on, give us the dough," the man repeated. "And don't try any funny business."

"What can I do with a gun pressed against my side, way out here on the Veterans of Foreign Wars Parkway in West Roxbury?" the driver shouted. "We drivers haven't a chance when a stick-up is being pulled."

Four miles away, in the radio control room of the taxicab's headquarters, a small attractive brunette heard the veiled signal for help being sent out by one of her drivers.

Instantly she radioed all her cabs in the West Roxbury area to close in on the hold-up men. She summoned police for aid. Within minutes, six cabs were circling the area for the men. Together with the help of police, the hold-up pair were rounded up within a half hour.

Heroine of the occasion was socially prominent Emily Dayton Rockett, 31-year-old owner and president of a fleet of 90 cabs known as the Boston Cab Co.

Miss Rockett never worked for a taxicab firm until she became head of the organization at the death of her father, John T. Rockett, three years ago. Rockett was pioneer of the industry in the United States, and was credited with giving Boston its first taxi service.

Three years later she was vice president of the American Taxicab Association. She was the first to introduce two-way radio service in taxicabs in Boston.

When blue-eyed, brown-haired Emily Rockett graduate of Simmons and Radcliffe Colleges, found herself head of a business she knew little about, she determined that she would start at the bottom, under a cab, and learn the mechanics with an aim to continuing the superior taxicab service which Boston residents associated with the name of Rockett.

"The men who had been with my father taught me the business," she said. The first two years following my father's death, and the taking over of his life's work, was a period of wrestling with shortages of gasoline, tires, new cars, automobile parts and new help."

The two-way radio systems used in Miss Rockett's cabs have demonstrated their importance many times over and above their ordinary functions. On one occasion, the parents of a five-year-old child placed an emergency call for a cab to rush their child to a hospital.

The child was seriously injured in a 30-foot fall from the rear porch of his home. Ambulances were unavailable at the time. Within three minutes after the call was placed, Miss Rockett's dispatcher had radioed for a cab in the vicinity, and dispatched it to the child's home.

The youngster was sped to the hospital in time to save his life.

On another occasion, a cab was on its way to Marblehead with a group of passengers, when suddenly it had a flat tire on a Lynn, Mass., bridge. The driver radioed for assistance. Another driver was sent to the scene, and the passengers were transferred to the second cab. They were on their way again in seven minutes.

Taxi drivers have been able to keep in radio contact with their home office as far away as Augusta, Maine, a distance of 170 miles.

Numerous expectant mothers have been picked up at their homes and taken to near-by hospitals in time for delivery of their children because of the aid of the radio systems.

One expectant woman was alone in her home only a few minutes before the arrival of her son. She managed to reach the phone to call a cab. Then she tumbled to the floor. A radio-equipped cab was sent to her aid. The driver found her [illegible] He took her to the hospital with only a block to spare before the birth of her baby.

Another driver, returning through [illegible] suburb into Boston after dropping his passengers, when he noticed [illegible] He [illegible] his cab [illegible]

Meanwhile, he raced to the farmhouse. He was instrumental in helping an elderly couple make their escape. The firemen arrived in time to halt the blaze and to save much of the couple's homestead.

Emily Rockett's 35 radio-equipped cabs have increased the company's service by more than 600 trips per day. In addition, she points out, the unique service has provided a surprising boost in customer morale.

"The telephone call business is returning for taxis now that the war is over," she said. "Only with two-way radios can companies give the prompt service we know the customers like."

By keeping track of her radio cabs, somewhat after the fashion of police with cruising cars, she said her dispatchers can radio a cab in the vicinity of a customer's home and have a taxi there at once.

"When we first presented the idea of two-way cabs to the Federal Communications Commission," she said, "we had a real battle to overcome the prejudice of some of our associates. But now radio systems are a $1,000,000 investment across the country."

Her job includes business relations with accountants, lawyers, insurance companies, federal agencies, state and city officials. She handles all the legal business for the company and buys the new cabs.

"If I can influence the industry to equip all taxis with radio systems then I'll be satisfied," Miss Rockett said. "We owe it to the public to provide them with modern service."

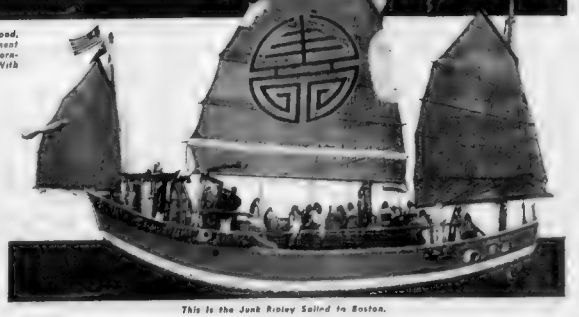
Emily Dayton Rockett—Pioneered Two-Way Radios for Cabs.

Illustrated by TOM SCHENK

Unmarried Millionaires

Eating on an Authentic Chinese Junk Here Are Ripley and Actresses Anna May Wong and Ann Sheridan.

If You're In Doubt That Ripley Is Fond of Chinese Food, Perhaps This Luncheon Scene in His New York Apartment Will Convince You—Here He Entertains Artist Dean Cornwell (Second From Left), Authoress Faonie Hurst (With Her Usual Lily) and Three Chinese Misses.



This Is the Junk Ripley Sailed to Boston.

Believe-It-or-Not Bob Ripley

By Jack Stone

SHOULD you imagine that the double burden of maintaining a state of supreme blessedness and assembling the unbelievables of "Believe It or Not" for 28 years have made of Robert L. Ripley a person of odd behaviorisms and emotional imbalances, you are quite wrong.

Mr. Ripley has survived the rigors of single blessedness and multiple oddities with such ease that today, at the age of 57, he is an exceptionally happy man with a childlike sense of humor, the range of a globe-trotting adventurer and an outlook as level as you can find in bachelors.

It is not an easy assignment to answer the mail Mr. Ripley receives in the course of a year. Last year, for example, he received [illegible] letters, [illegible] telegrams and [illegible] cablegrams, and it is no wonder that a hundred thousand of these letters

One of Ripley's confidential secretaries, Jean Hershenson, has been doing [illegible] for the past [illegible] years. She has developed a sixth sense in detecting the genuine from the fake. Ripley himself has a keen nose for the bogus. Both are constantly working, reading and investigating letters, cables and telegrams.

One of Ripley's confidential secretaries, Jean Hershenson, has been doing [illegible] for the past [illegible] years. She has developed a sixth sense in detecting the genuine from the fake. Ripley himself has a keen nose for the bogus. Both are constantly working, reading and investigating letters, cables and telegrams.

"I'm not proud of the fact," he said ruefully. Man's natural destiny is to marry and children. But who [illegible]." He waved a deprecating hand at the end of Chinese splendor about him. . . . "would consent to do housework in these surroundings? Or who would pick up at a moment's notice and travel through the African jungles or the Sahara wastes in search of believe-it-or-nots?"

Nevertheless, the 3,000 letters a day that occupy the attention of a dozen Ripley aides do not all recognize the wisdom of his words. In every mail, there are marriage proposals.

There was the Syracuse woman, for instance, who wrote him regularly and most affectionately and finally dispatched a missive stating that if she did not get counter-instructions within 10 days she would ship all her furniture to his Mamaroneck, N. Y., estate and follow posthaste herself.

Ripley, thinking it all a little silly, took no action, to his sorrow. At the end of the 10-day period the lady's furniture arrived. Ripley waited in fearful anticipation for the lady herself, but she did not come. Instead, a letter explained that she was waiting in a Buffalo hotel with her small daughter for Ripley. Lochinvar-like, to ride out of the south and claim her. He sent the furniture back and eventually the lady's husband claimed her.

One admirer started corresponding nine years ago. The mother of a 12-year-old girl, she professed great unhappiness with her husband and great affection for Ripley. Over the years the letters arrived regularly. Then one day the mother stopped writing and the daughter took it up. The daughter is 21 now, and still writing.

Another lady fan finally cornered Ripley on one of his trips west. She had been waiting 10 years and now would see her idol in person.

She found the poor long and hard. Ripley remarked. "She bent [illegible] and she grew 25 [illegible] to [illegible] expressed [illegible] astonishment. 'Are you Mr. Ripley?' she sputtered. I looked [illegible] I [illegible] scurried [illegible] escaped her [illegible] she left to [illegible] telephone [illegible] to tell [illegible] that [illegible] Ripley. A private wire attaches [illegible] to the [illegible] posted [illegible] in the [illegible].

Women, the world's [illegible] Ripley [illegible] sports, [illegible] Hindu [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Diet FOR Deafness

A Special "Hearing-Nerve Food" Gives Promise of Relief to One Type of the Hard-of-Hearing. In Successfully Treated Cases You Don't Have to Shout to Make Them Hear Any More.

By G. B. Lal

NEW hope for the prevention and relief of certain types of deafness has come from the discovery of a special medical treatment. Persons suffering from acoustic disorders which are related to deficient nerve function are particularly benefited.

This therapy, which appears to revive the activity of the impaired acoustic nerve, consists in the use of a sort of chemical nutrition—that is, in giving to the patient a powerful combination of selected pure vitamins and amino acids, by mouth and by injection.

The treatment has been developed by the New York physicians, Drs. Hans Hirschfeld and Max Jacobson, with the collaboration of Dr. Augusta Jelinek, also of New York, and a preliminary report of its effects on 78 patients has been issued by the American Medical Association.

Among the patients treated was a singer who had been afflicted by a hearing disorder, known in medical journals as "diplacusis binauralis disharmonica," in which the same tone has a different pitch when heard by one ear than by the other ear. This man heard his own singing differently in the right and the left ears. The nerves on the two sides were subnormal and out of accord with each other. Under the new treatment, his hearing became practically normal in both ears, in a few weeks.

Another patient, a 37-year-old man, had shown progressive loss of hearing for 15 years and had been discharged from the Army because of his hearing defect. Partial deafness had developed in both ears, so that the hearing loss was 37 per cent for ordinary speech and 63 per cent for sounds generally. After six treatments, the loss was reduced to 26 per cent for speech and 48 per cent for general sounds.

A 15-year-old boy had noticed gradually increasing difficulty in hearing for two months. The therapy reduced his loss of hearing from 54 per cent to 12 per cent.

The gains in hearing in some cases were 40 to 50 per cent, and much more for "pure tones." The treatment particularly aided in restoring the ability to hear high tones, that is the kind of sounds important for listening to people, answering telephones and other daily experiences.

It Is a Sort of Chemical Nutrition and Hearing Gains as High as 40 to 50 Per Cent—and More —Have Been Reported in Cases of Patients Taking It

The first series of cases treated by Dr. Hirschfeld, at the Hard of Hearing Clinic of the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, consisted of 53 men and women. Of these 30 showed great improvement; 13 showed some improvement; 10 showed no improvement.

Two preparations of amino acids and vitamins are used in the new therapy—one is a solution for injection, the other is filled in a capsule.

The ampule, the tiny sealed up phial of solution, contains: thiamine (vitamin B-1), riboflavin, pyridoxine (vitamin B-6), nicotinamide, choline, all vitamins of the B complex, and glutamic acid, histidine, methionine, all amio acids, also urea. Amino acids are the 22 elementary chemicals, by the various combinations of which all the proteins are built up.

Illustrated by WESLEY NEFF

The capsule contains a larger variety of both the vitamins and amino acids—vitamin A, ascorbic acid (vitamin C), calcium pantothenate, cystine, tyrosine, liver concentrate and dried yeast—in addition to the substances present in the ampules.

The course of treatment consisted of giving the patient intramuscular injections three times a week, for the first two weeks, then twice a week for another three weeks. At the same time, each day three capsules were given by mouth.

In order to learn about the effect of the chemicals on normal persons, three men were given the injections. They all showed strong hearing reactions, that is, they had marked "hyperacusia"—abnormally keen hearing, so that sounds ordinarily inaudible were heard by them.

The New York physicians themselves believe that their mixture of vitamins and amino acids acts as a highly nourishing "nerve food" and "nerve activity and growth accelerator." For they state in their report:

"The special significance of the new compound lies in its direct influence on the stimulation and the restitution of the function of the auditory nerve itself."

As far as vitamins B-1, nicotinic acid and riboflavin are concerned, they have been tried, with some other B complex factors, in the treatment of partial deafness by Dr. Grant Selfridge of San Francisco and other physicians. The results were encouraging to some extent.

What is new in the therapy devised by Drs. Hirschfeld, Jacobson and Jelinek is that amino acids have been added, and there seems to be a powerfully cooperative beneficial effect from vitamins and amino acids.

Partial deafness in most of these cases, especially of industrial workers and children, occurs particularly as regards sounds of high tones, of 4,000 to 8,000 frequencies. The new treatment seems to be most effective for such cases.

Despite their encouraging results in less than a hundred cases, studied most carefully, the New York physicians hold out no sure and excessive hopes for patients even of partial nerve deafness, at present.

These physicians have employed the most trustworthy methods of testing the hearing of the patients, before, during and after the dietary treatment. Their research, it is hoped, will continue.

Evidently the nerve of hearing would not be revived if it has degenerated beyond recovery. The earlier the therapy is begun, with deterioration of hearing, the better the results will be.

If there's hereditary tendency to the formation of tumors, or some other disease of the acoustic nerve, the diet treatment might help in some way, provided it is started in the children, whose parents have shown deafness, even before any hardness of hearing develops. Such are possibilities for future preventive studies.

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"

"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

BARBARA STANWYCK
star of
Enterprise Studios'
"THE OTHER LOVE"

"THERE'S THRILL in skin that's fragrantly smooth and soft," says lovely Barbara Stanwyck. "You'll love the delicate, clinging perfume a Lux Soap beauty bath leaves on your skin. It's foolish to take chances—daintiness is the most important charm of all. Lux Soap's Active lather makes you *sure*—swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh and sweet."

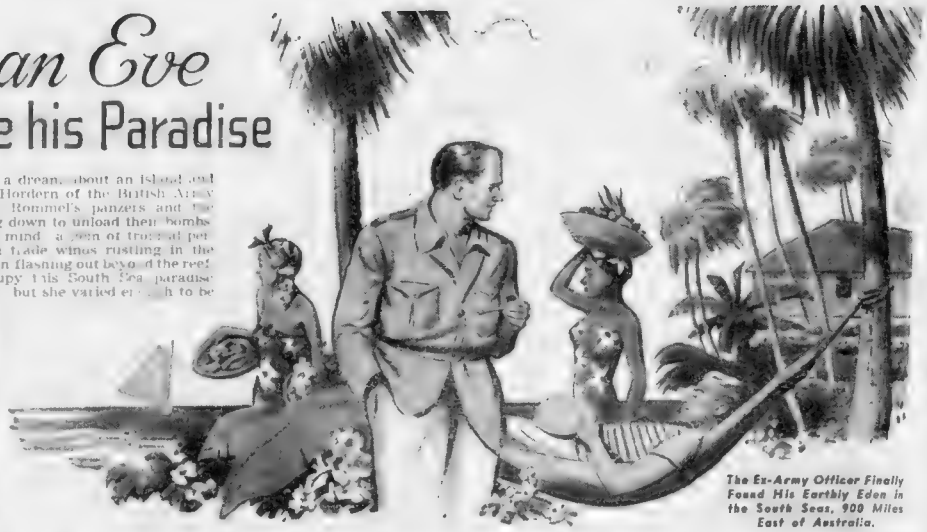
You'll love the luxury of using this fine white beauty soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!

YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal in skin that's fragrant with the delicate Lux Toilet Soap perfume that *clings*.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Wants an Eve to share his Paradise



The Ex-Army Officer Finally Found His Earthly Eden in the South Seas, 900 Miles East of Australia.

A[illegible]ch World War II a dream about an island [illegible] kept Major James Hordern of the British Army [illegible] Rommel's panzers and the terror of the stukas screaming down to unload their bombs.

The island was clear in his mind, a gem of tropical perfection, set in blue seas, with trade winds rustling in the palms and paddles of fishermen flashing out beyond the reef.

The girl who was to occupy this South Sea paradise with Hordern was perfect, too—but she varied enough to be a harem. Sometimes, in his imagination, she was a blond English lass; sometimes a lovely Polynesian; sometimes an American redhead. Always she was loving and understanding, the perfect companion.

Thousands of other service men whiled away hours of danger or boredom with similar romantic thoughts, quickly forgotten after demobilization.

Major Hordern is different. He doesn't relinquish an ideal easily, and he set out to make his wartime dream come true.

After 30,000 miles of traveling, he has discovered his perfect island. All he has to do now is to find the perfect bride to share his grass thatched dream dwelling.

The hard-to-suit major's island choice is picturesque Norfolk, 15 square miles of rich, cliff-bound land, Australian-owned and about 900 miles east of that commonwealth.

Other island connoisseurs before Hordern have acclaimed Norfolk as the ideal spot in the South Pacific because of its climate, natural beauty, ease of living and handsome, healthy population.

Perpetual verdure covers its lovely hills and valleys where oranges, pineapples, bananas, grapes, figs, limes and other fruits grow in profusion.

Nobody works hard on fortunate Norfolk, and there's no high cost of living. Nobody bothers to be either a capitalist or laborer. Sleeping, parties and fishing are the main occupations of its 749 lucky inhabitants.

All of the people are great lovers of music.

Taxes never give a headache. Only men 21 to 55 are taxed. Each pays $10 a year, or else contributes nine days' labor. It costs nothing to die; residents are buried free.

Most visitors are surprised to learn that Norfolk has more descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty than Pitcairn Island, the remote spot on which Fletcher Christian, his comrades and their Tahitian sweethearts settled in 1789 after wresting H. M. S. Bounty from brutal Captain Bligh.

Most of Norfolk's bronzed, fine-looking folk are the posterity of a group of 190 Pitcairn Islanders whom the British Government moved there in 1856 to relieve overcrowding on Pitcairn.

There are also native Polynesians. But a large part of the island is one big, happy family, closely related by intermarriage.

Major Hordern spent part of his war service in the Pacific, and after victory resumed his travels, seeking the perfect place to live. His search ended when he saw Norfolk.

The second part of his quest came to light the other day when he stopped off at Capetown, South Africa, scouting for his dream girl.

He declined to list his specifications for the perfect woman.

"I'll know her when I meet her," he said confidently.

This Model Mother tries not to be glamorous

But that's not easy when you're a Powers Girl with a dazzling smile like Frances Nalle's

MRS. FRANCES NALLE CRIDER is one model who doesn't try to look glamorous.

Because New York's modeling circles know her as the ideal "Young Mother" type. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. And she has the brilliant smile that's so important to *any* kind of modeling job.

"Model" Mother that she is, Mrs. Crider has already taught her 5-year-old Amanda and 3-year-old "Bobo" to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Smile-conscious as Frances (and *every* successful model) is, she knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Table for two. Amanda and "Bobo," like most children, are fondest of the soft foods that rob gums of exercise. So Mrs. Crider sees to it that her family uses Ipana—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Two sparkling smiles coming up! Eight years a Cover Girl, Frances knows the importance of a dazzling smile. So she's taught her children the importance of gum massage, recommended by 7 out of 10 dentists, according to a national survey. (Same survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

The chimney goes here. Amanda and "Bobo" Crider seem to be rushing things slightly. But not "model" mother Frances when she teaches them proper care of teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink tooth brush"—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste — for your Smile of Beauty

Cool off Feet with an Ice-Mint treat

Every day, people who suffer from tired, burning feet are enjoying quick, thrilling comfort by using Ice-Mint. Under the touch of this frosty-white medicinal cream, you actually feel tired muscles relax, as your feet respond almost instantly to its refreshing coolness.

Grand, too, to help soften callouses and corns. Get foot-happy today the easy Ice-Mint way. At drug and department stores

Teen-Age Tempest

Why Is There a Job Shortage for High School Graduates?

By URSULA TROW

LAST week we printed letters from people who took issue with Charles Lavers of West Babylon, Long Island, for saying high school grads weren't getting a break—the vets had crowded them out of college and all good jobs. Today Charlie's backers have their say.

Julie Rohaly of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "It's true that our high school boys and girls are getting a bad break. I struggled two years to find a job after graduation. I think a law ought to be passed asking all married women to resign from their jobs. Such a regulation has been enforced in some of the private industries in Pittsburgh and has proved very successful. It would also help prevent juvenile delinquency—first, because mothers would be home taking care of youngsters, and second, the kids would be able to get jobs.

"We're taught shorthand and typing in school, but can we use it after we graduate? No. We end up working behind department store counters."

Wm. G. Dahl, Jr., 18, of Williamsville, N. Y., feels as Charlie Lavers does. He says, "I tried to get a job. The answer was you're too young and not a G. I. From there I went over to my U. S. E. S. office. They told me I was too young and not a G. I. I tried several other places myself, but no luck. Last Tuesday I got a job. You don't work when it rains. The pay is not much—80 cents an hour. The work is out of doors, not too hard, and it is something to keep me occupied."

Wm. D. Galloway, Jr., District Manager of the Department of Labor and Industry of the Pennsylvania State Employment Service, says that his state is doing something constructive about finding jobs for today's high school grads. In his state, he says, they have an orderly method of "referring grads to the state employment service, where they can talk to trained vocation counselors. The service follows up to see if they are employed, continuing their education or looking for work; distributes data to the schools on available jobs, and tries to get business concerns to open their doors to young, inexperienced applicants."

Mrs. Isabella C. Miller, a teacher, of New Kensington, Pa., believes it's the schools' fault that our teen-agers are troubled about the future. She writes: "Our teen-agers are becoming restless and resentful because we have not provided courses to help them meet the world as it is. We need more and better vocational guidance for our students. The army worked out tests for skills. Why not do the same for our high school pupils?

"A high school graduate should not be allowed to go forth with practically no foundation for a trade or business, and less knowledge of his own talents.

"Practical work in schools, industry inspection tours, pertinent lecture classes might help, too. But whatever the plan, it must take account of the new political and economic conditions our young people face."

One Teacher Believes That Most High School Graduates Face the World With Little Foundation for Business Success.

If you have any ideas for helping teen-age job hunters, send them to us. Address your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

More Privacy for Youngsters?

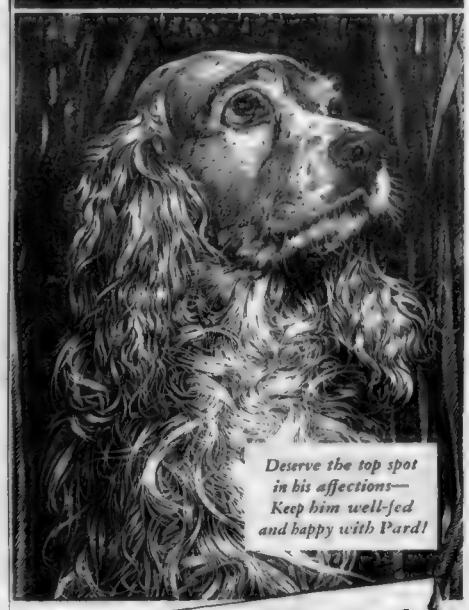
TEEN-AGERS often write in to complain, "If I only had a place of my own, where I could bring my friends..." Even teeners with rooms of their own complain of lack of privacy. Unless the door is glued shut, the family traipses in and out like travelers in Grand Central Station.

Parents sometimes fail to realize that youngsters need a certain amount of life apart — to untangle their own particular problems.

Parents are often heard to say, "But we're all one family—no secrets. When I was young, our family was too large for one person to make demands. I believe it made me more tolerant of people, my family in particular."

Do you think teen-agers are entitled to a place of their own? Or is a share all relationship healthier for family life?

Pard made a pard of my dog...



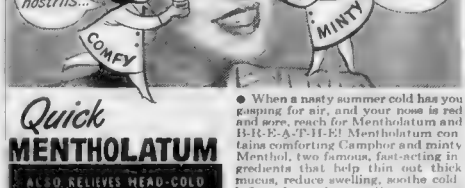
Swift's Canned Pard is back! It's nutritious . . . it's laboratory-tested

America's *most popular* prewar dog food is back in cans. Meaty-rich, satisfying, tasty Pard, chock-full of energy-building food and highest quality meat proteins *now* becoming available in greater quantities at your dealers.

And with your dog's interest in mind, Pard's nutritionally correct formula is based on feeding studies conducted in Swift's Research Laboratories. Your assurance that when you feed Pard—*no additional meat is ever needed.* Ask your dealer for Pard dog food *today*

NOW IN CANS

SUMMER COLDS? that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty" the MENTHOLATUM TWINS



Quick MENTHOLATUM

ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS, NASAL IRRITATION AND CRAPPING

● When a nasty summer cold has you gasping for air, and your nose is red and sore, reach for Mentholatum and B-R-E-A-T-H-E! Mentholatum contains comforting Camphor and minty Menthol, two famous, fast-acting ingredients that help thin out thick mucus, reduce swelling, soothe cold inflamed membranes. Soon soreness eases up, head starts to clear. Don't take head cold misery lying down keep Mentholatum handy.

To Relieve Irritation of Ivy Poisoning

WASH the parts well with a thick lather of Resinol Soap, always washing towards the affected area, so as not to carry the poison to the healthy skin.

Then apply soothing Resinol Ointment freely, and protect the parts with a light gauze bandage. Being oily, and containing ingredients widely used for relief of fiery skin itching—Resinol acts quickly to give lingering comfort.

Resinol Soap and Ointment sold at all druggists. Buy and try today.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Try the Salad Suggestions on the Household Almanac Page.

The Mailman Saw the Girl Running From the House and Shouted After Her. She Did Not Answer, but Kept Going, Tearing Along the Road as Though Pursued by a Whole Family of Furies.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

By Peter Levins

FOR THREE generations, the unpredictable Bighams had been living and dying, sometimes quite violently, on a 1,000-acre plantation near the town of Pamplico, Florence County, S. C.

At the time of this narrative, January, 1921, the old homestead was inhabited by

Mrs. Dora Smith Bigham, 210-pound widow of L. Smiley Bigham 2d.

Her two sons, Smiley, 34, and Edmund.

Her daughter, Mrs. Marjorie Bigham Black, a schoolteacher estranged from her husband.

May James Bigham, wife of Edmund.

Evelyn, 18, and Louise Bigham, 14, their daughters.

Leo and John McCracken, adopted sons of Mrs. Black.

The first outsider to reach the scene that January day was A. H. Bostick, the mailman, at the moment engaged in his regular daily round. Bostick was approaching the house, between 3:30 and 3:45 p. m., when he encountered Louise Bigham. She was running—running away from the house—and the look on her face gave the mailman pause.

"Anything the matter?" he shouted.

The girl either did not hear him, or did not wish to give answer. At any rate, she kept going, tearing along the road as though pursued by a whole family of Furies.

"Now what's got into her, I wonder?" Bostick muttered.

Then Edmund Bigham, Louise's father, came dashing out of the house, shouting, "Something awful has happened!"

Bostick halted in his tracks. "What's the matter, Ed? You need help?"

"Yes! I just came back from the Foxworth place. Got back just a moment ago, and "

"What happened?"

"I saw my mother," Bigham went on in anguished tones. "She came staggering out all bloody! She screamed, 'Smiley has shot us all!' "

THE mailman's mouth fell open. Instantly, at the mention of Smiley, he recalled something some gossip he'd heard. About a "crazy remark" Smiley Bigham had allegedly been heard to utter.

Something to the effect that he'd often had a notion of "killing out the whole generation and myself and going to hell and be done with it."

"Where is Smiley?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm and even.

"That's just it—I don't know where he is!" Bigham cried. "It only happened a moment ago! I tried to help Ma to the back door, but she fell in the yard!"

Bostick glanced quickly, and fearfully, toward

the silent house. He noticed Ed's wife and the other daughter cowering in terror on the front porch. He also noticed a red trail that extended from the porch to a path that led around the house to the backyard

Bostick took a deep breath, then followed this trail, not knowing but what at any moment he might encounter a madman.

But all was quiet now in the backyard

He found Dora Bigham where she'd fallen, shot in the head and neck. Her cap had dropped from her head and lay near by, and her false teeth had fallen out of her mouth.

"Look!" Ed Bigham yelled so suddenly that the mailman involuntarily ducked. "On the back porch!"

BOSTICK saw what his quivering finger indicated—the small motionless figure of John McCracken. They drew near, and saw that the boy had been dispatched with one bullet in the temple. Near him, scattered over the porch, were numerous black walnut shells

"He and Leo were crackin' nuts here when I left with May and the girls," Bigham muttered.

"Is there—anyone in the house?" the mailman asked.

Bigham nodded. "I'm afraid there is. My sister Marjorie. When we left, she was at the sewing machine in the dining room. Ma was sittin' by the fire."

"And Smiley?"

"Smiley was out in the side yard, tending the beehives."

Marjorie, they discovered, was not at the sewing machine in the dining room, but she was in the house. She lay in her bed upstairs, a nail file clutched in her right hand. She, too, had been shot in the head.

Hours later, woodsmen found Leo McCracken behind a potato patch to the rear of the house. The bullet that killed him had passed through his left hand, which he must have lifted in a pitiful attempt at self-protection, and ended in his brain.

By this time, county officers and numerous neighbors had assembled at the scene. Already word had been flashed to near-by towns to be on the lookout for the suspect, who apparently had fled into the woods at his brother's approach.

Meanwhile, stories about Smiley Bigham passed from mouth to mouth: how he had once been accused of killing a young field hand by flogging him; how he had played with the notion of wiping out "the whole generation." Apparently this had become an obsession with him.

"The family called me home from Georgia last August," Ed Bigham said in this connection. "They said something seemed to be happening to Smiley—and they were afraid. I found out he'd been worried about a few things, and when I left I thought I had him straightened out."

(Later Ed was persuaded to be more specific about this. He then explained that Smiley had been worried about a shortage in the post office at Orum, where he'd been postmaster, and about the theft of records of deeds from the office of the register in Florence, the county seat.)

On the day of the murders, Ed Bigham had driven, with his wife and daughters, to the home of Robert Foxworth to dicker about a wood-hauling job. (Ed and his brother had been superintending wood-cutting operations on their land for several weeks.)

ED said that he'd asked his mother and sister if they might like to come along, but they had declined, so May and the girls had joined him. It had been during their absence that Smiley, it appeared, had gone berserk.

"Maybe if I'd stayed home, it wouldn't have happened," said Ed. "On the other hand, maybe Smiley'd been able to kill us all."

That night, Saturday, Jan. 15, passed without a single clew being found as to the whereabouts of Smiley Bigham. It seemed as if the earth had swallowed him.

Early Sunday afternoon, while police departments throughout adjacent states were on the lookout for this supposedly homicidal maniac searchers found Smiley dead in a ditch about three-quarters of a mile from the Bigham farm house.

There was a hole in his right temple, and a pearl-handled .38 in his right hand. He had been dead since some time the previous afternoon.

Almost everyone in the county was satisfied when the coroner ruled that Smiley had committed suicide after murdering his mother, Dora Bigham; his sister, Marjorie Black, and the two McCracken boys

There was one resident of Florence, the county seat, who was not satisfied, however. As it happened, he knew a few things about the Bighams, and what had been going on lately in their household.

The more he thought about these things, the more he became convinced that there should be a trial in this case.

This doubting Thomas was Philip Arrowsmith, Marjorie Bigham Black's attorney.

Arrowsmith knew—and he was the only one outside the family who did know—that Mrs. Black had made a will, exactly seven days before the murders, disposing of her one-sixth share of the Bigham estate.

He knew that, a week or so before making her will, she had signed three blank deeds upon which she intended to will her share, and that these deeds had been stolen.

On Saturday, Jan. 8, Marjorie had visited Arrowsmith's office, accompanied by her mother and Smiley. With fire in her eyes, and a trace of terror in her voice, she reported the theft of the documents, and asserted that she wished to make her will at once.

"I've just had a nasty fight with my brother Edmund," she said. "I suspected him of taking the deeds, so I searched his room. His wife caught me at it, and told him about it. I want you to get this matter into legal form before anything happens."

The will, as written by Arrowsmith at her direction, read in part:

"I hereby declare that I signed three blank deeds which were stolen from my possession, and if they are presented, or any part of them, by any person, claiming any rights thereunder, that the same are null and void. This will is made in the apprehension of danger because of the larceny of said blank deeds."

SHE named Smiley her sole heir, and asked that he care for the McCracken boys—who had lost their mother in a flu epidemic—until they reached their majority.

"My brother Edmund settled for his share of the estate many years ago," Mrs. Black told the attorney. "He squandered it gambling, and came back last fall only because he was broke and hoped to cheat the rest of us out of the property."

Now, Arrowsmith reflected, they were all dead but brother Ed and his wife and two daughters.

Why, after all, should Smiley have committed the murders? To gain Marjorie's share and eliminate potential dependents? Yes, that would make sense. But why, right on top of accomplishing this purpose, should he have destroyed himself?

During the next few days, after the mass funeral, Arrowsmith sought out various persons who had seen the body lying in the ditch. One of these was a neighbor named George H. Steele.

"Now that you ask me about it, Phil," said Steele, "I do remember some things that struck me as kind of queer at the time. For one thing, there were two separate and distinct pools of blood, several feet apart.

"I also noticed blood spots on the lower branches of surrounding trees, and on a small pine that had been broken off and thrown into the ditch."

"I knew it!" Arrowsmith exclaimed. "The body was moved! Smiley was picked up or dragged from the spot where he was shot, and dumped into the ditch!"

The attorney communicated his suspicions to the authorities, and demanded that the investigation be continued

What about evidence?

"The best evidence I can think of," he replied, "is that Edmund now inherits the entire Bigham estate. Except for his two daughters, he is the last of the line. Therefore he is the logical one to suspect."

Accordingly, Ed Bigham was arrested on a warrant sworn out by John McCracken, father of the slain boys. His trial opened on March 24 before Judge R. W. Memminger

(Incidentally, while Edmund was in jail, a quantity of chloroform was found in his possession. It had been bought by his wife. During the trial it was explained that chloroform had long been the family remedy for insomnia!)

PROSECUTOR L. M. GASQUE held that the defendant had killed Smiley as they walked through the woods after paying off some workmen that Saturday afternoon, and that he shot the others on his return from the Foxworths

Gasque suggested that Edmund had left the noisy motor of his car racing, so that no one would hear the shots. He also suggested the possibility that Ed's gun—the pearl-handled .38 found in his brother's hand—had been equipped with a silencer, as further precaution

Gasque disputed the accused man's statement that his mother came out of the house [illegible] to him. A medical witness for the state asserted that she could not have moved not spoken after the bullets hit her.

For his part, the defendant denied everything. He denied that he had received and spent his portion of the estate, which was valued at [illegible] $100,000.

He swore that Smiley got $12,000 additional and that he (Edmund) received a deed on Nov. 20, 1920, signed by his mother, Marjorie and [illegible]

(May Bigham tried to file this deed in Florence while he was in jail but the register refused because of altered dates and other revisions.)

The case went to the jury on March 28, and after two hours returned a verdict of guilty as charged. This landed Edmund in the death house, and he was still there, many months later, when his attorney, Mendel L. Smith, won him a new trial. This trial began on Sept. 25, 1924, and ended the same way.

ATTORNEY SMITH appealed again, and again got a new trial. Meanwhile, the prisoner had seen 18 persons set out to walk the "Last Mile" to the electric chair, and after each execution his appetite had remained poor for days.

But the third trial, scheduled for April 6, 1927, never took place. As that date neared, opposing counsel put their heads together and came up with a labor-saving, time-saving, money-saving, life-saving settlement.

By its terms, the defense consented to a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of mercy to the court, and it was understood that this consent verdict would not imply in any way a confession of guilty. The state, moreover, agreed to nolle prosse all pending charges.

So Edmund Bigham is now living out what remains of his wasted life in South Carolina's Central Prison at Columbia. His appetite is excellent.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries

Harvest in Carolina

"I Suspected Him of Taking the Deeds. So I Searched His Room. His Wife Caught Me at It, and Told Him About It."

THE NEW HALTER BRA SWIM SUIT

So Flattering with a

SWEETHEART SOAP Complexion

• *The new brief swim suits show off your figure! But this young, dashing style demands a fresh, radiant SweetHeart Soap complexion.*

So Discover the Floating Lift of

SWEETHEART'S Extra Lather!

DISCOVER SWEETHEART'S 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* BEAUTY CARE! Night and morning, massage your face for one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm—then icy cold water. See these 3 glorious results. Your skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . . more radiant!*

• The smartest beach fashions *demand* a softer, smoother, lovelier skin! So depend on SweetHeart Soap's amazing 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* Care for its wonderful beauty help.

Pure, mild SweetHeart gives up to *twice as much lather* as average beauty soaps. And this soft, billowing lather has a gentle *floating lift*. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* it.

Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift off—float away*—dirt and dry skin flakes. It's such a gentle way to help reveal your skin's true loveliness with all its natural smoothness, natural radiance!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

• For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous.

Letters to the Editor

Teen-Agers Friend
Darby, Pa.

Since you printed an article about the teen-age night club I operate here, I have received many letters of congratulation from various parts of the country. Such articles are a great help to us who are doing what we can to reduce juvenile delinquency.

Jack DaLonzo

Touching and Beautiful
Thurmont, Md.

Your recent "Strange Love Story of Mystery Mansion" is the most touching and beautiful thing I've ever read. It would certainly make a grand movie. I have torn the story out, and put it away where I can read it often . . .

Mrs. F. Tortoro

Assist for Teacher
Troy, N. Y.

Would you please send me a set of your "My Faith" articles?

My biology teacher would appreciate this, since they express some of the problems in science and religion which we are trying to understand today.

Dolores Maroncelli

(Student Maroncelli has been sent a set of "My Faith" articles.—Ed.)

Grateful Scouts
Detroit, Mich.

I must thank you for your fine article, "Heroic Girl Scouts," by Irmis Johnson.

We of Metropolitan Detroit are very grateful.

Mrs. Rollin T. Mason
Girl Scouts of America

Never Again
Wilmar, Calif.

Would you please send me a copy of your "Eat and Grow Slim" diet?

I never used to understand why people didn't save such excellent articles when they appeared, but now I'm on the same list of short-sighted readers. Believe me, from now on I'll keep a scrapbook of American Weekly articles.

Lois Berry

(Reader Berry has been sent the article she requested.—Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Our Conflicting Divorce Laws

UNDER our present chaotic marriage and divorce laws, it's possible for a couple to be respectably married in one state and be guilty of bigamy if they move to a neighboring state. That's because our Constitution gives each state the right to make its own marriage and divorce laws.

The only solution, says U. S. Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, is a Constitutional amendment giving Congress the right to make our marriage and divorce laws uniform nationally. Otherwise, he warns, we're headed for a tragic break-up of the American home. Don't miss Senator Capper's challenging article, written especially for next week's American Weekly.

FOR EASY CARE!

AND EXTRA WEAR!

Reeves ARMY TWILL
MADE TO GOVERNMENT SPECIFICATIONS
SANFORIZED

DEMAND THIS LABEL IN UNIFORMS, UTILITY AND WORK CLOTHES

WITH GARMENTS made of Reeves Army Twill, you can figure your savings in extra days of wear. Made from choice cottons, this fabric resists wearing and tearing. Sanforized against shrinkage and with vat dyed colors fast to sun, water and perspiration, it takes repeated washings and still looks fresh.

*Residual shrinkage less than 1

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$1.00 rids your lawn of ugly weeds!

WEED-NO-MORE

America's No. 1 Weed Killer

Won't harm most common lawn grasses!

New Weed No More Automatic Sprayer—only 59c—just lift and spray the weeds away!

$1.00 8 OZ MAKES 8 GALLONS Enough for Average Lawn

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PRODUCTS OF SHERWIN-WILLIAMS RESEARCH

SOLD BY STORES EVERYWHERE

Pantry Prima Donnas

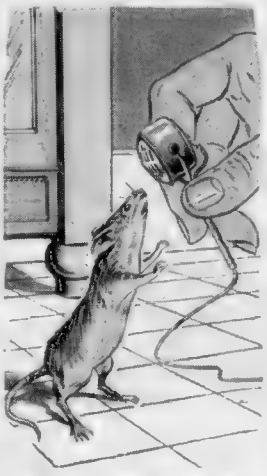
MUSIC boxes, musical clocks, musical chairs and musical toys are a familiar story in thousands of American homes, but as far as recent records go, only Mrs. Ruel M. Edminster of Lancaster, Mass., has a musical mouse.

Her mouse—Mickey by name—sings.

A happy little fellow, Mickey has a free run of the house and is so tame that a 90-second recording of his unique warbles and trills has been made. No cat stalks Mickey; no cheese-baited traps are set for him. He's as welcome as the flowers in May.

Fortunately for the melodious mouse, he picked a house run by a woman who does not suffer from the well-known feminine fear of rodents, large and small. Mrs. Edminster would not welcome a numerous tribe of the little pests in her menage, but she doesn't mind one with a talent for singing.

All the Edminsters have listened to Mickey's song, described as like that of a "baritone canary." Every two or three nights since last fall it has echoed through the household.



One Family in Massachusetts Made a Recording of Their Musical Mouse's Voice.

Mickey owes his chief chance of fame to 15-year-old Robert Edminster. It was Bobby who thought of borrowing a business office machine and who set the disc whirling as Mickey trilled from beneath a living room bookcase one night.

Talented though he is, Mickey's no hog. His gift of song is available to any of his tribe smart enough to pick it up by listening.

One of them was an inmate in a cage of white mice owned by the household. The gifted albino sat up on its hind legs and, after a few nights' practice, answered, trill by trill and chirp by chirp, the arias flung at him by Mickey, the little gray natural singer from behind the wainscoting.

Soon they were singing duets, according to Mrs. Edminster.

EFFORTS of the Bay State's vocal rodent met with unexpected response in far-off St. Louis, where Joseph Billmeier had long been puzzled by mousy chirps in his home. Satisfied that his ears hadn't been playing tricks on him, Billmeier set a few traps and went talent hunting. It wasn't long before he turned up a couple of promising pantry prima donnas, who now trill their soprano notes in Billmeier's home.

When Mr. Billmeier's mice sing, they sit back on their hind legs, and clasp their front paws eloquently, for all the world like an operatic performer. But, says Billmeier, they're not temperamental, like so many famed opera stars. Usually they sing without coaxing. When they don't, a rattle on the cage will bring results.

Naturalist Thornton W. Burgess of Springfield, Mass., suggests that your mice may sing, too, only not loud enough to be heard. "It's possible," he said, "that all mice sing, but the pitch may be too high for the human ear."

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Aren't Spoons Fun, Angel?

YES, THE FUN BEGINS when baby begins getting good-tasting Gerber's on his spoon. Right from the start, millions of babies like Gerber's Cereals better! By alternating the three kinds, millions of mothers find babies *keep* liking Gerber's Cereals. Rich with added iron, calcium, vitamin-B complex! Ready-to-serve—like all Gerber's Foods.

THE FUN CONTINUES when baby goes on soups, vegetables, fruits and desserts—*Gerber's Strained Foods*. So smooth, so delicious! Next, come *Gerber's Junior Foods*—same *high* quality—same *low* price! No wonder mothers prefer Gerber's—with America's Best-Known Baby on the label.

THESE JUNIOR FOODS MEAN FEWER LEFTOVERS!

Gerber's know how to make Junior Foods babies like better. And the one-portion container—same size as Gerber's Strained Foods—means more variety for Junior.

FREE SAMPLES of all 3 special baby cereals! Write to Gerber's, Dept. AW6-7, Fremont, Mich.

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FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CALIF.
Baby Foods

2 CEREALS · 18 STRAINED FOODS · 13 CHOPPED FOODS

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

I can remember as though it were yesterday, the first time I fed my babies with a spoon. We began with cereals, of course. I'm sure if you start your baby on the same kind I did, you both will have as much fun as we did.

Mrs Dan Gerber

Yes, it's true... although, like many other foods, tuna costs more now, it's really an "economy" food. It's nothing short of magic the big, hearty "main dishes" you can make from a little can of these famous tunas!

That's because every can is chuck-full of quality tuna . . . no bones . . . no waste! Rich in nutritional values, too . . . proteins, vitamins "A" and "D," minerals and other vital food elements.

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Terminal Island, California

THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA FAMOUS
Buy EITHER Brand... the quality is the same

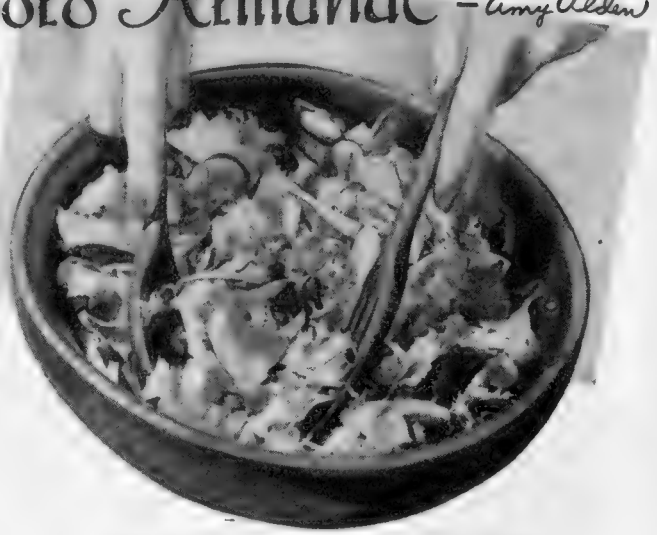
Household Almanac — Amy Alden

Salads and Vegetables for Variety

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

YOUNG vegetables with delicate seasoning, and tender greens for salads, will taste twice as good if prepared and served as suggested here. A special treat with any dinner is our marble cake with penuchi icing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Above, Vegetable Salad. See Recipe at Left on This Page.

For your salad bowl garden lettuce, crisp raw baby carrots, red and white radishes and sweet green scallions tipped with white. To pep up any dinner, try one of these vegetable combinations.

Vegetable Salad

Rub a large salad bowl with a clove of garlic cut in half. Into the bowl break 1 large head washed and dried lettuce into about 12 small pieces. Then add ¾ cup sliced radishes, ¾ cup scraped carrots cut into match-stick-size pieces, 3 scallions cut in crosswise slices, and 1 sliced, shelled, hard-cooked egg. For the dressing, combine ¼ tsp. granulated sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 speck pepper, ¼ tsp. celery seed, 5 tbsps. salad oil, and 3 tbsps. lemon juice. Mix well; pour over the salad; toss, and serve. Serves 6. Tomato sections and sliced cucumbers may be added to the salad before adding the dressing, if desired.

Peas and Scallions

Fresh peas and scallions, hurried right from the garden or market to the pot, are a taste treat cooked this way:

Shell 4 lbs. tender, fresh peas (4 cups shelled). Then cook, covered, in 1¼ cups boiling water with 1½ tsps. salt for 10 min. Drain the peas, reserving the liquid. Meanwhile, clean and remove roots and most of the green stems from 12 to 14 scallions. Then cut them into 1" lengthwise pieces, and saute in ¼ cup butter or fortified margarine for 3 min. over medium heat. Stir in 2 tsps. flour; then add ¾ cup of the pea liquid. Add ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp granulated sugar, ⅛ tsp pepper, and the peas. Then simmer, uncovered, over low heat for 10 min., or until the peas are tender crisp. Serves 4 to 6

Young Beet Greens

Soon after the green tops of the beets pop out of the ground, it's time to thin them. Eat both beets and tops!

If your beet greens are so young that no beets have developed, try panning them like this: For each qt. of greens, heat 2 tbsps. salad oil in a skillet. Add washed greens; cover, and cook slowly until tender-crisp, stirring now and then. (Add 1 tbsp. water if needed.) Season, and serve.

If there are tiny beets on the greens, wash and cut them off. Cook covered in ½" boiling salted water until nearly tender. (Remove skins from beets if desired.) Then add the greens, and cook, covered, until both are tender. Season and serve. A dash of mace or celery seed or 1 tsp. vinegar may be added.

Spinach and Bacon Salad

That young, tender spinach is perfect for a salad bowl. Here's how a man cook uses it:

Add 6 cloves garlic, quartered to ¾ cup French dressing; cover, and chill 2 hrs. Meanwhile, fry 8 slices bacon over low heat until crisp, pouring off fat as bacon cooks. Drain on paper toweling; then crumble. After removing undesirable leaves and roots, wash 2 qts. crisp young spinach in several waters, being careful to lift it out of each water. Dry well on towel; then break up in a salad bowl. Over it sprinkle 3 chopped, shelled, hard cooked eggs, and the crumbled bacon. Over all pour the French dressing from which garlic has been removed. Toss and serve with the main course or as a separate course. Serves 6.

Panned Carrots and Onions

Here's a new taste thriller for the family! Young carrots, cooked tender with young onions and without a drop of water.

Wash, scrape, and quarter 8 small carrots. Peel and wash 12 tender young onions; cut them in half if you wish. In a saucepan melt 2 tbsps. butter, fortified margarine, fat, or salad oil. Place quartered carrots and onions in saucepan; sprinkle them with 1 tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Cover the pan tightly, and cook over very low heat for 15 to 20 min., or until vegetables are just tender-crisp. Shake the saucepan (kept covered) now and then during the cooking to prevent sticking. Serves 4

Buttered Swiss Chard

Swiss chard gives you two vegetables in one—the crisp white stalks and tender green leaves. We cook them this way:

Wash 2 lbs. large Swiss chard leaves with stalks. Cut off stalks and cut veins from leaves. Cut stalks and veins into 2" pieces; then cook, covered, in ½" boiling water with 1 tsp. salt for 15 min., or until tender. Drain; add 2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine, a speck of pepper, and salt if needed. Cook leaves, covered, in water clinging to them, with ¾ tsp. salt for 10 min., or until tender. Drain, chop if desired, add 2 tbsps butter or fortified margarine, a speck of pepper, salt if needed. Serve with stalks around them. Serves 4. A little minced onion or a dash of mace may be added.

Marble Spice Cake

This recipe gives you the secret of that marbled look in marble cake. It's the cake for that special guest.

2 cups sifted cake flour
1¾ cups sugar
2½ to 4 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
½ cup vegetable shortening
½ cup milk
1½ tsps. vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 tsp. cinnamon
¾ tsp. cloves
1 tsp. allspice
½ tsp. nutmeg

Sift first 4 ingredients into mixing bowl.* Drop in vegetable shortening. Add about ⅔ of milk, then vanilla, and beat 150 strokes. (Beat with round-the-bowl strokes—about 100 strokes a minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.) Add eggs, and beat 250 strokes. Add remaining milk, and beat 50 strokes. Divide batter in half. Add all the spices to half of batter, and blend. Drop both halves of batter alternately by tablespoonfuls into a 10"x10"x2" pan, which has been greased and dusted with flour. Run spatula through batter several times to marble it. Bake in 375° F. oven for 35 to 45 min.

Note: In using electric beater, add about ⅔ of milk, then vanilla and beat on low speed 2 min. Scrape bowl and beater. Add eggs and remaining milk, and beat on low speed 2 min

Penuche Nut Icing

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup milk
¼ cup vegetable shortening
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
½ cup chopped nuts

Place first 4 ingredients in a saucepan. Bring slowly to rolling boil, while stirring. Boil 1 min. Remove, beat until lukewarm. Add vanilla; beat until thick enough to spread over cake. If too thick, add a little cream. Add chopped nuts.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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PLENTIFUL... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 5 SUMMERS!

MEDIUM-MELLOW KRAFT AMERICAN

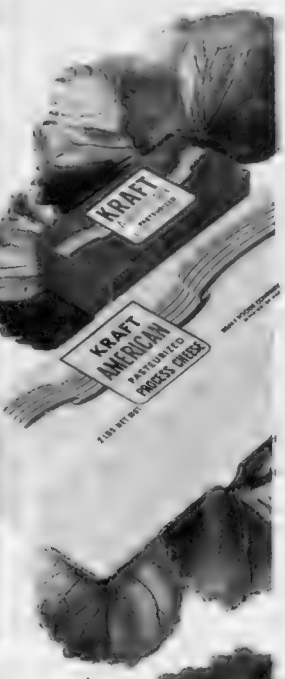
Brush the top and bottom of Kraft American sandwiches with melted butter or Parkay Margarine. Lightly brown both sides under broiler or in a skillet. Place cut sandwiches in individual casseroles; around each pour hot (undiluted) condensed tomato soup.

That cheddar flavor you hankered for—so lingeringly rich and mellow—is back! Yes, genuine *smooth-melting* Kraft American!

Again you can buy this famous pasteurized process cheese three different ways: In the half-pound packages (to go right in the picnic basket). The 2-pound loaf that keeps you stocked. Or, after you've *seen* the words Kraft American on your dealer's 5-pound loaf, have him cut sandwich slices.

Good news for folks who love really *sharp* cheddar flavor is that their beloved "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheese is back, too. And for the youngsters there's *plenty* of Kraft's famous mild, rich-tasting cheese food, Velveeta.

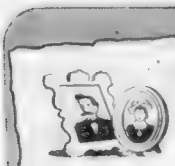
Again you can please *everybody* by having all three Kraft cheddar varieties—sharp, medium, mild—ready for snacks, sandwiches and swell hot dishes! Again your refrigerator can have a whole "Kraft Shelf."



AND **SHARP** OLD ENGLISH

AND **RICH MILD** VELVEETA

"It's great to have a whole KRAFT SHELF again!"



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Stained Linens are restored to their original beauty by Clorox!

Yes, CLOROX, the Modern Bleach, removes stubborn stains as if by magic!

NO NEED to fret when your prized white or color-fast cottons and linens become stained. For, Clorox removes fruit, berry, beverage, flower, grass, blood, many ink, dye and medicine stains . . . even scorch and mildew. In laundering Clorox extra-gently bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors), makes them fresh and sanitary. Clorox is free from caustic . . . made by an exclusive patented process. And, in routine kitchen and bathroom cleansing, Clorox disinfects, deodorizes. Simply follow directions on the label.

CLOROX *America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant*

FIRST in Quality . . . in Performance . . . in Preference!

BOON Household Cleaner is another marvelous aid to easier, more efficient cleaning. It wipes away dirt and grease from washable surfaces quickly, easily. Excellent on autos. At your grocer's.

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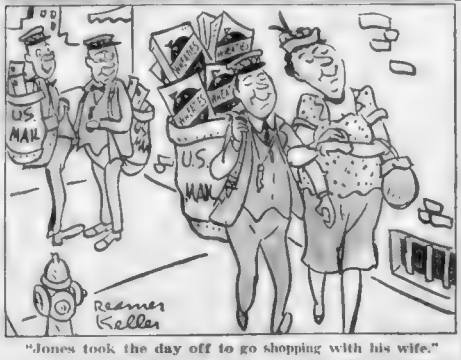
Treat Yourself to

New England's Favorite Flavor

Delicious with that extra-tempting true old-time goodness. Actually baked (not steamed) for *one entire day* with juicy pork and spicy sauces . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Morrill Company.



"Jones took the day off to go shopping with his wife."

Jones is well posted on the breakfast situation. He takes to lots of plenty of rich nourishment, swell milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast Champs You'll go for Wheaties, too fast of Champions." And if you're a champion, you'll see!

The Epicure

MEAT WITH SOUR CREAM

By CANDY JONES

COOKING has long been one of my favorite hobbies, and I am particularly interested in new combinations of food as well as unusual preparation. A few years ago I first tasted a Russian dish which utilized sour cream in the preparation of beef—I think the dish was beef a la Stroganoff. I thought it most delicious and started experimenting with sour cream in cookery as soon as I got home. The results have been gratifying. It's one thing when a dish takes hours of preparation, with careful constant attention. When it turns out well under those circumstances, one feels, "Well, it ought to after the trouble I took!" But when one can achieve the same unusual results with a minimum of fuss - that's really an achievement. Borrowing from the Russian school of cookery, that's exactly what happens with these recipes:

Candy Jones, One of the Outstanding Models in the Country, Does as Expert a Job in the Kitchen as She Does Before a Camera.

The Steak

2 tbsps. butter
½ cup minced onions
1½ lbs. round steak
¾ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. paprika
½ cup minced, sauteed mushrooms
1 cup sour cream
2 tbsps. flour

Melt butter in skillet, add onions and saute until light brown. Add half-inch cubes of steak and sear. Add salt, paprika, cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Saute mushrooms in meantime, and add to meat. Combine sour cream and flour. Add to other ingredients and simmer 5 minutes.

The Baked Veal

1 veal steak
Sifted bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ cup shortening
2 cups sour cream

Cut the veal into serving pieces. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Dip in bread crumbs, then in the egg mixed with a teaspoon of water, then back in bread crumbs again. Rub the frying pan thoroughly with garlic. Heat the pan, then add shortening. Brown the veal quickly on both sides. Reduce the heat. Add 1 teaspoon paprika. Cover with sour cream. Cover the pan tightly and bake at 325 deg. F about 1½ hours. During the last 15 minutes uncover to brown the veal.

Cool Styles

3879—This sundress is cut-out for compliments with its smooth waist. Field jacket for cover up. Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 sundress, 2¼ yds 39-in.; jacket, 1½ yds.

3811—A smart wrap-and tie frock that's so easy to make — no side seams in skirt or bodice. Sizes 12-20. Size 16, 3½ yards 35-inch.

3139—Just the blouse to wear with a suit or as a part of a two-piecer. Only two main parts; embroidery is in outline or chain stitch. Sizes 14-20; 32-40. Transfer included.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 625 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

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De Luxe Model **2.95**

A REAL MOTHER'S HELPER, especially when confined in small apartments and spaces. Easily taken down or moved from room to room. Keeps baby interested while mother does her work.

Deluxe model, for babies 3 to 18 months, attractively decorated with fairy tale bear, bright beads and colorful binding on white cotton cover. Convenient canvas tray-foot-rest — removable Tekwood bottom. Complete with 8-inch safety spring for hanging — only $2.95. A big value in relief for mother and pleasure for baby. If your dealer does not carry Wall's Playtime Baby Jumper Swing, order direct from H. B. Wall & Sons, Box 1476, Springfield, Mass. Send check or money order. Shipped prepaid. No shipping on C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Blots blitz Bertha's bounce

The life of the party's now a sad chick. Little blackheads and superficial blemishes are making a wallflower of a real solid sender. Bertha should know that improper cleansing usually causes ugly blackheads. Tell her to do this:

Spread on a little Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream becomes an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean.

Less than 2c a treatment

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At drug and toiletry counters everywhere.

POMPEIAN
The original pink
MASSAGE CREAM

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Extra summer benefits from this monthly sanitary protection

One spell of warm weather — and users of Tampax begin to appreciate it more than ever. No pins, no belts — and none of the bulk of external pads. In fact, there's not an iota of heat or discomfort in Tampax. Believe it or not, Tampax may even be worn in swimming . . . Originated and perfected by a doctor *for internal use*, Tampax cannot be felt by the wearer when in place. It creates no bulge, bunch or "line" in any costume. Made of hygienic surgical cotton compressed into dainty applicators, Tampax is quick to change and easy to dispose of. No odor. No chafing . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. A month's supply will fit into your purse. The economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

RELIEVE SKIN TROUBLE THIS TESTED WAY

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test: Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX *(mercy-rex)* Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 30¢. At druggists.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT · SOAP · SHAMPOO

Make the Smart Wrap-and-Tie Frock That Is Shown in the Pattern Feature in This Issue.

Expressive Hands

By Sally Young

NEITHER jewelry nor highly tinted nails will make ugly hands beautiful. What you want is hand grace. Gracefulness, if you're not born with it, can be acquired for your hands as well as for the rest of your body. Marguerite Agniel, author of "Creating Body Beauty," claims that hands can be reduced and strengthened, made more flexible and expressive. She recommends these hand exercises:

1. For reducing: draw your fingers until your hand resembles a claw. Tense fingers until they vibrate. Then relax. They will tingle and glow with circulation.

2. For flexibility: sit on floor cross-legged. Holding arms straight, place them in front of you; turn the tips of the fingers toward the body. Place the palms flat on the floor. Rock the hands forward to the tips of the fingers, down to the middle of the hand, and back on the heel of the hand again.

3. To relax and encourage circulation: shake the hands vigorously from the wrists, as if you were trying to shake them off.

4. For deftness: take each finger separately with the fingers of the other hand and bend them backward until they ache.

5. For gracefulness: hold the hands out in front of body, palms down; clench them tightly, then relax the fingers, letting the hands hang from the wrists.

6. For strength: stretch the fingers back as far as possible with the fingers of the other hand.

7. To limber the wrists: kneel on the floor, palms flat and fingers pointing forward. Hump the spine, then pull backwards until you feel the stretch all through your arms and shoulders.

8. Also for flexibility: double your hands up into a fist, keeping the thumb outside and bent back as far as possible. Clench the fingers hard. Now unfold, first joint, then second, then the entire fingers until they are bent backwards as far as the thumb. After you have learned this movement, practice it quickly for extra dexterity.

9. To strengthen muscles: stretch arms out sideways straight from shoulders. Push them as far back as possible. Keeping your hands tensed, fingers far apart, palms away from body, push your hands up. Relax. Repeat until tired.

10. For finger dexterity: do piano playing motions on a table. Keeping all fingers slightly curved, rest the tips lightly on the table. Then lift one finger at a time up as high as possible. Hold it as long as possible; put it down and go on to the next.

Do You Know

That a liquid-cream foundation is often advisable for oily skin?

That if skin and hair are dry you should increase consumption of food fats and oils?

That when eyes are small or deep-set, mascara should be used only on the tips of the upper lashes?

That if you bite nails, wearing false nails will discourage the practice?

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair

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ONLY LIGHTER THAT LIT CIGARETTES IN 65-MILE GALE*
takes roller coaster in its stride!

Miss Lektrolite lights up on famous Coney Island "Cyclone" Roller Coaster

Why does Lektrolite work where other lighters fail? Because Lektrolite is the only flameless, the really windproof lighter. No spark... no flame. Nothing to blow out. There's no flint ...no wick...no wheel ...to get out of order. Just touch cigarette to Lektrolite ...draw ...and you get a light... anywhere, anytime.

*** Affidavit of Attesting Notary Public at Sensational Wind Test**

On March 17, 1947, at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, I witnessed identical tests of eight different well-known, flame-type lighters and a Lektrolite flameless lighter. Test was made in 65 m.p.h. propeller stream of an ex-Navy dirigible. Not one of the flame-type lighters lit a cigarette. Lektrolite lit every cigarette without failure. Signed
A Notary Public of New Jersey

8 beautiful models, $1.65 to $7.50

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The Flameless Cigarette Lighter
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A GOOD WAY TO PREPARE MENUS

Reading the Household Almanac page which appears in every issue of The American Weekly is a habit for millions of women. There are complete menus made up of recipes for foods "in season." Desserts, main courses, fish, meat and pastry get their share of discussion. Make this page your regular reading habit and see how easy it is to prepare menus.

Stop CORNS!

Instant Relief

NEVER wait! Promptly protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain vanishes—corns are stopped *before* they can develop! But — if you have corns—these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads will stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure—*instantly*.

SPEEDILY, GENTLY REMOVE CORNS

You'll marvel, too, how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included. No other method does all these things. Insist on Dr. Scholl's. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

"I hooked Tom's boss with crisp, fried Perch ---but I was the fish"

"M-m-m those perch" Tom caught turned out to be wonders! Every *bit* of their delicate, fresh-from-the-stream flavor was sealed into the crispy, golden-brown jackets. And they were just as light and digestible as they were delicious, thanks to proper frying—with pure, all-vegetable Crisco!

"I felt like a foolish fish—and no wonder. Here *I'm* the gal who's been raving about Crisco 'cause it makes such beautifully rich, light cakes. And yet, dope that I was, I hadn't realized how ideal digestible Crisco is for frying. Think of all the delicious fried foods we've been missing!

"Believe me, from now on this household—kids and all—is going to revel in crisp, tender potatoes, delicious doughnuts and quick-to-fix skillet suppers. 9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say that Crisco-fried foods are digestible. So me, I'm depending on it for *everything*—cakes, pies and fried foods—Crisco improves all 3."

DELICIOUS?
YOU BET! AND DIGESTIBLE, TOO! WHAT A DIFFERENCE PROPER FRYING WITH CRISCO MAKES!

HOW TO MAKE FISH A PARTY DISH

Everyday fish—whether it's out of the stream or your grocer's frozen food cabinet—becomes a party dish when you fry it golden brown in Crisco and dress it up with delicious Piquant Lemon Sauce.

FRIED FISH WITH PIQUANT SAUCE

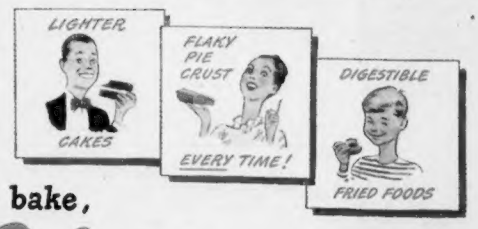
Clean perch (or any whole fish) or use fish fillets. Wash and dry. For a crisp, crunchy crust, dip in salted milk, then roll in a mixture of cornmeal and seasoned flour. Fry slowly in hot Crisco. Turn fish to brown on all sides. Serve with Piquant Sauce. (*Be sure to use Crisco—it's digestible! See how evenly it browns; Crisco doesn't soak in. Fish comes out so crisp, light and digestible even children may eat their fill!*)

PIQUANT SAUCE

2 tbsps. Crisco
1 tbsp. flour, ½ cup water
2 tbsps. lemon juice
Salt and pepper, 1 egg yolk

All Measurements Level. Make a sauce with Crisco, flour and liquids. Season and then cook over low heat, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Stir in one egg yolk. Serve hot.

SEND FOR CRISCO'S COOK BOOK, 64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating." It's yours for 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size). Address Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in the United States.



In everything you fry or bake,

use Crisco... It's Digestible!

"If your Daddy would only come HOME"

IS

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

THREATENING TO WRECK YOUR HOME?

If the head of your family is one of those unfortunates whom alcohol is depriving of health and opportunity, remember this: *Drunkenness is a disease* and as such is subject to control. The McTaggart System functions on this basis. Its pure vegetable liquids destroy totally the taste or craving for alcohol and free a person from all need or desire for this stimulant. In fact they create an antipathy to it. The nervous, digestive and circulatory systems are naturally benefited. No hospitalization of any kind is needed. This is strictly a

HOME SYSTEM

It does not interfere in any way with daily business or social routine. Effects are noticeable within a few days. While it is eliminating the alcohol from the system it is supplying a substitute which is temporarily needed, but this substitute is a purely vegetable tincture and is non-narcotic. Therefore stimulants are discontinued without any inconvenience. With the craving for alcohol gone, no will power is required for continuous abstinence from drink. The cost is very moderate and is covered many times over by the financial savings effected. Write for literature.

IMPORTANT—Dr. McTaggart's System has a 40-year record of accomplishment. It is sold with the distinct understanding that if at the end of the prescribed period results are not entirely satisfactory its purchase price will be promptly refunded.

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See Sally Young's Column "Expressive Hands" in This Issue.

Are You A METALS EXPERT?

By Doris Denison

"MRS. Average Housewife, E. M."—meaning Expert on Metals! Never thought of yourself that way, did you, but actually the efficient housewife today has to rate as an expert on the correct care of quite a number of different metals.

Aluminum

LET'S get off to an easy start with your aluminum kitchenware. The cleaning job is fairly simple, but to make it still easier, always remember to fill the pots and pans with water after you transfer their contents to your serving dishes. The food particles will not dry, and will be that much easier to remove. Keep steel wool and a non-gritty cleanser handy to give the pieces a quick going-over after each use. Or use pads which have soap already in them. Be sure to rub the way of the metal.

Cast Iron

PERHAPS you have kitchen utensils of cast iron. They must always be well dried after washing to avoid rust. If you are putting a cast iron utensil away and do not expect to use it again soon, it is a good idea, as a further rust precaution, to rub it over lightly with mineral oil. Wash off the oil, of course, before you use the utensil. Steel wool may be used for stubborn spots on cast iron.

Silver

GOOD care for silverware does not mean that it should be put away and used only on special occasions. You will find that silver is not only unharmed by frequent use but it seems actually to improve. This is especially true of flatware. If you wash your table silver in mild soapsuds and rinse it after each meal, it will be a long time before tarnish appears. If the handles of your knives are cemented on, don't place them in hot water.

There are a number of good silver cleaners on the market, which appear in a variety of forms. Select one of them and always follow the accompanying directions.

Brass and Copper

ORNAMENTAL brass and copper pieces are often lacquered when you buy them. In that case they only require wiping off with a soft cloth. If there is no protective lacquer coating, clean with your favorite polish or an easy to use modern variation of the old-fashioned salt and vinegar combination. Make paste by mixing two tablespoonfuls of salt with a cup of vinegar and add as much flour as needed. Apply the paste with a damp cloth. If the dishes are to be used for food, they should be washed in warm soapsuds after polishing.

Pewter

PEWTER is a soft metal, so it should never be cleaned with a gritty polish nor one containing acid. Use your silver polish. For the final polishing after washing, a chamois or a piece of flannel is excellent.

Chrome and Nickel

CHROME, nickel, and the new stainless steel alloys usually, are in the easy-to-care-for class and need only soap and water to keep them shining. Chromium fixtures, such as hot and cold water faucets, should be wiped with a clean cloth. Nickel is washed with soapy water, then, if necessary, polished with a fine cleanser.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

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Here's the most amazing camera bargain you've ever seen—a genuine FALCON split-second, 50mm lens, candid-type camera, *plus* Falcon's newest postwar feature—the built-in electrically operated, synchronized photo-flash unit, *plus* eveready carrying case with shoulder strap—*all for the low introductory price of only* $6.98, including Federal Excise Tax and Postage. You cannot equal this money-saving camera bargain anywhere else in America today! But please note that this opportunity is open only to readers of this advertisement who send in their order and remittance to The Marshfield Company without delay. Stocks are limited and we cannot guarantee delivery indefinitely.

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Precision 50mm lens—Fixed focus—No tricky adjustments—Eyelevel, sports-type view finder—Snapshots or time exposures—Detachable, synchronized-with-shutter photo-flash unit—Large, highly polished reflector—All guaranteed to operate to your satisfaction! Try a roll of film—if you are not satisfied, return the merchandise to us within five days and we will promptly refund your money in full!

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YOU know at first look that it's the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

You can picture yourself, with all that Fireball power to boss around, making the most of bright blue weather, trampling the miles into nothing and striding the hills like a Paul Bunyan on the loose.

You feel like a kid with a new toy train handling controls that automatically send the top up or down, the front seat back and forth, the door windows to just the level you want.

All of which is grand — for a starter.

But what means even more is that here you are stepping right square into tomorrow. Here in flowing fender lines, and neat, rich grille you travel in the eye-stopping style that is shaping the whole future of automobile design.

You are not only style-right now, but are certain-sure to stay smartly in the swim for a long span of years to come.

So what does it matter if the most we can assure you now is a spot on a Buick waiting list — you'll still have the smartest, freshest thing on wheels when the happy day-of-delivery comes.

But get this — you can place your order with or without a car to trade. You'll pay no more than established prices that apply at delivery time, and you'll find us just as courteously ready to talk business as if our showrooms were filled with cars rather than eager car-buyers.

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